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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1901.

The Week.

Tuesday's triumph at the polls in this city could not well have been more complete or more heartening. Tammany was smitten hip and thigh. In the face of enormous odds, the decent people of New York have elected their Mayor, Comptroller, President of the Board of Aldermen, and three out of five Borough Presidents. With peculiar emphasis of delight in political courage, they have, by an extra majority, put in the District Attorney's office for the next four years the fearless Jerome, undaunted antagonist of crime and of bosses. Never was a fusion ticket more skilfully constructed or more loyally supported. City offices for the city's good was the sufficient watchword of the campaign; and honest men all through the city and throughout the country are to-day thanking God and taking courage at the magnificent and inspiring results. First among these we reckon the disappearance—the final disappearance, we believe—of some of the hoary delusions which have lain upon New York like a nightmare. That Tammany was invulnerable; that the city did not really desire honest government; that universal suffrage was a failure; that the boss was a necessity in a vast democracy; that bribery and corruption were too powerful for decency—these are but a few of the bogeys with which despondent spirits have been frightening themselves and terrifying their fellows these many years. But one day's fall of the ballots ends all that. Tammany had the offices; it had the police; it had the prestige of four years of absolute control; it had the bank accounts of the corporations to draw upon; every political art and trick in its repertory it brought into play—but what did it all avail against the single-minded determination of the reputable classes to sweep away its misrule?

What cuts the Tammany chiefs to the heart, and what should mightily cheer on those who give themselves to the work of reform with a passionate faith in democracy, is the fact that Tammany was repudiated in its own strongholds. Those "dangerous classes" on the East Side, those foreign-born voters who could never be got to do anything but regard the suffrage as a marketable commodity, and into whose heads it was absurd to expect the notion of civic pride or good government ever to enter—they are the electors who most wonderfully responded to the moral appeals of the canvass. Take the Eighth Assembly District as an instance. This is Martin En-

gel's hunting-ground. It was there that the "red-light" iniquity most abounded; there that vice flaunted itself most securely, and that crime was boldest; there, too, that the police were most used in defence of criminals and to the thwarting of justice. But it was also in this district that the University Settlement lifts its beacon; there that the Citizens' Union and the Woman's League sent workers. What do the returns from this Gibraltar of Tammany disclose? A bare majority for Shepard of 61 votes, where the figures used to run into the hundreds! We see, then, that even the East Side knows when government becomes too oppressive and too rotten longer to be borne. Those homes of poverty understand, as well as the families of the rich, when the safety of their children is attacked; and know how to resent the insolence and the rapacity of Croker and his vile agents, who boast of being able to buy them like cattle. To our mind, the returns from the East Side are more eloquent of promise for the future of democracy than was the attitude of those highly educated gentlemen who saw so clearly that Tammany could not be defeated, that they chose the moment of its impending ruin to ally their fortunes with the unclean thing.

The shipping-subsidy lobby at Washington is again filled with horror at the arrival of Western Congressmen who actually want the subsidized vessels to carry freight. This is really a disgusting form of opposition to the plans of the subsidy schemers. Opponents who object to a subsidy on principle, they can meet in the open, but this insidious attack upon their pet measure by men who say they favor subsidies, but desire to see them bestowed on "freight-carriers," is hard to bear quietly. Those representatives from Wisconsin and Washington, with the Boston exporters who on Thursday called upon the President to say that they were against subsidized "ocean greyhounds," but should like mighty well to see a bill passed that would help the farmer get his freight to foreign markets—what are they but so many snakes in the grass? Why lug in freight? That is one of the last things the subsidy beggars think of. Legislation to secure "freight-carriers" is not in the least what they want. Subsidy-carriers are what they are aiming at, and they have a fine assortment of vessels ready to moor alongside the Treasury, and to be laden with subsidy until the hatches lift.

Secretary Gage's announcement, on Thursday, that he would renew the special offer for redemption of Government bonds, was a natural consequence of

the previous week's increase in surplus revenue. It will be recalled that the recent offer to redeem in cash other Government bonds than those already covered by the standing policy of the Treasury, was made on September 10 and suspended October 2. The order was issued when the money market was much deranged by the news of the attack on President McKinley, and it was not revoked until \$20,000,000 had been redeemed under its terms, and the money market had shown signs of undoubted ease. Some surprise has been expressed at the renewal of the order now, when there is no disturbance in the money market. This questioning Secretary Gage has answered by referring to the October revenue figures, which again show an extremely heavy surplus. The reason why the special offer was withdrawn and then renewed again is that, for several weeks, the Treasury figures seemed to indicate that the increase in the daily surplus, as compared with 1900, had pretty nearly ceased. Those indications have turned out deceptive. The Government finances during October moved exactly as they had done in the three preceding months. The \$4,000,000 deficit of July, 1900, disappeared wholly in the same month this year. In August, a deficit of \$811,000 for 1900 was replaced this year by a surplus of \$6,000,000. September yielded a \$6,100,000 surplus in 1900, which was increased this year to \$12,123,000. Similarly, last month produced a surplus of \$9,186,000, as against an excess of only \$3,633,000 in October a year ago. It will thus appear that the Government's surplus is averaging six million dollars per month above that of the preceding fiscal year. That year's total surplus was \$75,000,000; at this season's rate of increase, the fiscal year 1902 would yield a surplus not far below \$150,000,000. The obvious moral of the whole situation is that Congress should take in hand, at once and with definite purpose, the question of revenue reduction. Both Secretary Gage and President Roosevelt have positive ideas on this subject, which will soon be heard from.

The figures just published by the Bureau of Statistics throw some light upon the general movement of the commerce of the leading countries of the world, and show that in twenty out of thirty selected countries imports exceed exports. The countries which have a balance in their favor, or, as the protectionist might put it, "produce more than they consume," are chiefly the South American republics and the United States. On the Continent, only Austria and European Russia occupy a similar position, all the other countries import-

ing more than they export. Among the importing countries must also be reckoned England. The showing thus made is, of course, exactly what might have been expected in view of what has been going on during the past few months, and, no doubt, will be taken by the Europeans who have been talking about the "American peril" as a striking corroboration of their fears. It is true that the growth of American manufacturing and of our exports of capital has been coincident with more sedulous exclusion of European goods by higher duties on our side of the ocean, but the main reason for the "unfavorable" conditions on the Continent must be found in the general depression in manufacturing which has prevailed there, and in the growth of industrial combinations in tariff-protected countries. How these Trusts, by their attempt to raise prices, have really opened the market for increased imports of American goods may be seen in the case of coal and manufactures of iron and steel. The remedy for their industrial evils lies in freer conditions of trade, and not in the higher duties recommended as a remedy.

The export of nearly \$3,000,000 in gold, last Thursday, from New York to Paris, was remarkable chiefly because of the season of the year when it occurred. It does not mean that America's imports of merchandise from France, or from Europe as a whole, have greatly exceeded exports. As a matter of fact, we have been buying from France of late more than she has bought from us; that country and Switzerland being almost the only European ones of which such a statement could be made. But the excess against us, in the case of France, is slight—six million dollars for the nine past months; and in the case of all the European states combined our export balance for the period, as reported by the Treasury, has been no less than \$447,000,000. This is the largest excess ever reported. It greatly exceeds the export balance on our European trade, even in the same nine months of 1898, which were followed by heavy shipments of gold from England and France to us. No better proof than the present situation could be had to show that merchandise trade is not the sole governing force in the movement of international exchange and the international flow of gold. As we have often had occasion to point out, our very large credit balance on merchandise account has been quite offset by the purchase from Europe both of our own and of European securities, and by our bankers' borrowings in Europe to help through last winter's costly "deals" in the New York market.

The German Emperor's alleged threat to "smash things" if commercial treaties

were not concluded, has roused Senator Cullom to declare that William cannot "frighten" the United States, and that if he wants a tariff war, we will give him as good as he sends. But, bless you, Senator, the Emperor was not speaking of the proposed treaty with the United States, even if he said what is reported. It is Austria and Italy and Russia that he has in mind when he thinks of Germany's most pressing questions of reciprocal trade. Aside from that, what a queer attitude it is for a country seeking trade, anxious to extend its exports, and searching the world over for customers, to be so quick to put the chip on its shoulder and indulge in tall talk about retaliation. It is business that we want, Senator, not a quarrel.

The brutal murder of two non-union workmen at Columbia, S. C., by a mob of former strikers will be a shock to Southerners who have cherished an inherited pride in the freedom from labor controversies enjoyed by the South. The men in question belonged to a party which had come from the North to take the places of certain men, employed by the Southern Railway, who had struck work. The apparent quiet of the past few weeks deceived the new men into supposing that the heat of the contest was over, and they had therefore abandoned all precautions against violence. This murder recalls attention to the change that is in progress in the South as a result of the expansion in manufacturing. Labor organizations are rapidly establishing themselves in many places, and are making efforts to secure shorter hours and more favorable conditions of work. If this were all, the Southern trades-union movement would not differ from that in progress in the Northern States. Recent experience, however, makes it apparent that trades-unionism in the South has some unique characteristics. Labor contests often degenerate, as in the instance at Columbia, into a sort of combination of strike and feud, in which differences are carried much further than elsewhere, and revenge is visited upon individuals rather than upon groups of men. The strikes that have occurred during the past year in the North have given rise to much violence, and Northern trades-unionists are still certainly far ahead of Southerners in the aggregate amount of disturbance which they have caused. It is not the number, but the peculiar character of these assaults, which resemble nothing else so much as a lynching, that makes the labor situation in the South noteworthy.

The Municipal Art League of Chicago is about to put the public spirit of that enterprising city to the test. Nothing less ambitious is proposed than a membership of 500,000 and an annual income of \$1,000,000. Assuming that this sum

would be wisely spent, the embellishment of the city by mural paintings in the public buildings, by sculpture in the parks and open places, by improvement of the ordinary street fittings, would show a marked advance, year by year; and, with anything like the hearty co-operation of the municipal authorities, Chicago within our time might become notable among beautiful cities. Of course, this is on the theory that the plan is practicable. Those who have watched the recruiting of our own two or three art societies of a popular character, and who know the difficulties of the task, will envy a civic pride which permits a membership of half a million for an art society to be thought of, even as a dream.

In a discussion of the Philippine problem in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, Major E. J. McClernand, Military Governor of the District of Cebu, declares that armed resistance to the Americans is sure to appear again in some of the provinces in which it has been suppressed. "It seems," he says, "too much to expect that outbreaks will not occur for years to come in different parts of the archipelago. It will doubtless be, as it is now, a guerrilla warfare, but experience has demonstrated that this is the most difficult of all wars to terminate. . . . Our people should not permit themselves to grow tired of the Philippine problem, thinking to lay it aside as solved and completed." None the less, Major McClernand believes that in the end mutual benefits will accrue both to the United States and to the Philippines. He finds it necessary to make an earnest appeal for justice, rightly believing that no such rule as ours in the Philippines can possibly succeed unless based upon equity, and he admits the likelihood of arbitrary and cruel acts when an army is scattered, as is ours, in detachments under inexperienced young officers or non-commissioned officers. What Major McClernand fails to see is that a policy primarily founded on injustice cannot make itself truly popular with or grateful to the Filipinos until the original wrong is righted. The only way to do this is to turn the islands over to their rightful owners.

France seems resolved on pursuing the collection of her claims against Turkey *à outrance*, and both English and Italian squadrons are witnessing the arrival of a French fleet in the *Ægean* Sea. The event is significant chiefly because it marks the complete downfall of the traditional British, and one might say European, theory of dealing with the Porte. It was Disraeli who established the theory that the Ottoman Empire must be maintained at all hazards, and his political legatees have stood by

his teachings, at fearful cost to the moral feeling of England. To-day the aggressive policy of France rouses no protest, and apparently evokes no fear, while the peaceful annexation of Crete to Greece—a most natural consummation, which yet, some five years ago, terrified the Powers in Concert—is being accomplished almost without comment. Nor is this changed attitude of Europe due merely to the fact that the British are following the trail of De Wet and Botha too desperately to attend to a less urgent concern. It is certain that the legitimate heir of Beaconsfield has forgotten the paternal doctrine, and that Salisbury would never interfere in the near East except for the defence of Egypt and of the Suez Canal. It is doubtful, too, if the Concerted Powers would again stop Russia short of Constantinople. It is high time that this old superstition should be shaken, for one can already see that the time for *laissez-faire* is passing. Conditions in Northern Turkey will soon call for bold and sagacious direction. In the agitation of the Macedonian Committee, in the outrages of unpaid Turkish garrisons, in the consistent campaign of the Albanians against intrusive nationalities, one cannot as yet recognize any genuinely national movement. One cannot, however, fail to see that the ferment is working, that the concrete disorders have got beyond the power of the Sultan to control, and that the situation must inevitably tend to the erecting of a second line of buffer states or to the intervention of the great Powers.

The debates in the French Chamber concerning the best means of overcoming the deficit of 50,000,000 francs continue to raise many important questions of state policy. Disregarding the practical plans proposed by M. Caillaux, the Finance Minister, for raising the funds needed, the Budget Commission has put forward several impossible measures, any one of which, if adopted, would plunge the nation into either foreign complications or domestic embarrassments. Among the expedients recommended were the suppression of the embassy at the Vatican, the abolition of the Ministry of Public Worship, and the state ownership and operation of the business of refining petroleum. It is needless to say that neither of the first two of these plans, with their far-reaching implications, will be adopted. The really dangerous scheme is the suggested seizure of the petroleum industry. The proposal apparently grows out of one of the measures recommended by M. Caillaux, who advocated the increase of the excise duty on petroleum. This suggestion was at once taken up and transformed into a plan for placing petroleum on the same footing with tobacco as a Government monopoly. The enormous initial outlay

and the elaborate organization which the scheme would necessitate seem to have been wholly ignored by the Budget Commission. Of course, such a measure would require considerable time to become effective, even under the most favorable circumstances, and to recommend it as a means of immediate relief is absurd.

No pains have been spared to give the return of the Duke of York to England an imperial significance. As his tour of the world was primarily a compliment to colonial loyalty, so the colonial representatives were most prominent at his reception: Home English and Colonials alike have good reason for congratulation on the completion of the heir apparent's enterprise. To repeat his father's triumph of a generation ago would have been impossible. Albert Edward Prince of Wales represented Great Britain at the height of her political influence—the arbitress of Europe. The loyal welcome which the present Duke of York has everywhere received has inevitably been clouded by the uncertainty of the conflict in South Africa, while in the very midst of the rejoicing in the metropolis came news of the misfortune to Col. Benson's isolated column, fallen upon by a wily and formidable foe, with casualties one-fifth as many as those of Buller's whole army at the time of his attempt to cross the Tugela, and such a disproportionate loss of officers as recalls the early battles of the war. Even the cold comfort of the reported recovery of two guns lost in this fierce encounter has proved illusory.

If the Peace Congress at Glasgow this fall attracted little attention at a time when the wars in the Philippines and South Africa refuse to be ended, the courage of its members in meeting in the land of which Chamberlain is now high priest cannot be gainsaid. That there were many reasons for discouragement is, of course, true. Many delegates, for instance, must have shared Baron d'Estournelles de Constant's disappointment at the treatment which the International Court of Arbitration has received from several nations. This French authority believes that they see in it a body which may possibly in time grow so as to deprive them of some of their own powers, and thinks that they are deliberately planning to make it innocuous. At the same time, the members of the Congress were able to cite some favorable signs, and one or two significant events have occurred since their meeting. When in Milan recently, the King of Italy sent for the head of the local peace society, who is likewise the editor of one of the city's best newspapers. To him the young King expressed his abhorrence of war and of all that war meant, and his hope that international

action, as best illustrated in the case of Crete, would more and more tend to terminate peacefully international disputes. In Belgium many women have sent a petition to the Chamber of Deputies protesting against an armed peace and the resultant taxation which rests so heavily upon the poor. They protested also against the drunkenness and vice which result from life in barracks. Their example is one which might well be followed by women, the world over.

To be holier than the Pope is usually to be ridiculous, and many will feel that the German censorship, in suppressing on religious grounds a work which the Greek Church allows to circulate in Russia, has shown an excess of zeal. Of course, censorship is not compatible with a fully developed sense of humor, but it would seem that, when the church which excommunicated Tolstoy allows his apologia, 'The Meaning of My Life,' to pass unhindered, the devout Roman Catholics of Germany might practise a similar tolerance. Perhaps they would if the book were submitted to them directly, and the censor's solicitude may merely show that curious exacerbation of the olfactory sense which sniffs an offence where none is intended.

Certain little-known features of Papal finance are discussed in a recent number of that excellent Milanese journal *La Perseveranza*. It appears that, at a time when the old Papal nobility were deeply involved in the real-estate speculations which ruined half the princely families, the Vatican was a frequent lender upon the security of real estate. By foreclosure it became a large property-owner in the part of the city beyond the Tiber, which, according to Papal theory, was still a possession of the Church. Gradually this banking function of the Vatican became more extended. The consolidation of the debts of one embarrassed family required a loan of six million lire (\$1,200,000, roughly). Operations of this extent soon led to complications with the Italian Government, which the Vatican has never consented to recognize. In order to liquidate his affairs, a prince of a family which has supplied several Popes, sold his valuable art collections to the state, directing the transfer of the money to the Vatican. For some time the payment was held up, because the Vatican could receive no funds from, or even conduct negotiations of any kind with, the *de facto* Government. The intervention of a trust company made the transfer possible. Just what the effect of this policy upon the finances has been, no one but the Papal authorities could say. In any case, these incidents cast an interesting side-light upon certain conditions of the maintenance of a Papal party in the enemy's country.

THE MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN.

In the revision of New York's Constitution by the Convention of 1894, it was provided that thereafter local contests should come in the odd-numbered years, when neither President nor Congressmen are chosen, and when no State officials are chosen except members of the lower branch of the Legislature. The end aimed at was thus expressed in the address to the people which the Republican majority of the Convention issued after the completion of their work:

"We seek to separate in the larger cities municipal elections from State and National elections, to the end that the business affairs of our great municipal corporations may be managed upon their own merits, uncontrolled by National and State politics, and to the end, also, that the great issues of National and State politics may be determined upon their merits, free from the disturbing and often demoralizing effect of local contests."

This reform has been fully vindicated during the last few weeks. The recent campaign in this city was a campaign on municipal issues solely. All that the people have thought about has been the conduct of their local affairs. All that campaign speakers have been able to get a hearing for has been talk about the city. Questions of State or National politics have cut no figure whatever. Any attempt—and such attempts have been made—to persuade voters that they should cast their ballots with reference to the government at Albany or the Presidential contest of 1904, has fallen perfectly flat. How New York city shall be administered during 1902 and 1903 has been the only thing that people would consider. This is an immense and a permanent gain.

If any one doubts that a compelling moral issue has been the life of this city campaign, let him mark the voices which came on Sunday from the pulpit of Greater New York. Such unanimity and high earnestness denoted something other than an impending election. They signified the approach of a moral crisis in the city's life. These ministers of religion, under our system of voluntary support, would never think of "preaching politics" when it was a mere question of public policy about which their hearers might be divided politically. They feel themselves called upon to speak out, as messengers of God, on the eve of an election, only when they see the devil's messengers arrayed against the welfare of the city and the moral safety of its men and women. To these clergymen, as to all men whose hearts and consciences are not seared, the issue of this municipal struggle was an issue of life or death.

Two personalities in this campaign have been living illustrations of the truth that a moral question in a great public debate will not down. In spite of Mr. Shepard's high character and great powers of political advocacy, he has not been able to keep men from asking, "Are you for vice, or against it? Do you de-

fend thieves in office? Are you for protecting crime, or for punishing it?" And the progress of Mr. Shepard's own campaign has shown that the fearful handicap under which he has labored has been a moral one. He has been compelled to be silent about rascally candidates for office, or else to speak of them as his "coadjutors." He has had to go about like a Roman convict chained to a corpse; and there was almost a recognition, in his last appeal to voters, of the body of death from which he had to pray to be delivered. In a really pathetic way he asked for votes in spite of the degrading companionship in which he had placed himself. It was a striking exhibition of the power of evil to pull down a good man who consents temporarily to work through it for what he believes to be useful ends.

As Mr. Shepard has shown that being on the wrong side of a moral issue fatally weakens even a man panoplied in a good repute and in all the arts of a skillful advocate, so have we seen in the person of Mr. Jerome that a just cause is better than eloquence, and a fearless stand upon fundamental morals more effective than all the skill of the cleverest politician. Mr. Jerome has done what no candidate for office in New York has done within recent years. He has aroused moral enthusiasm in high and low; stirred cynical and despondent men of the wealthier classes as nothing political ever moved them before; and made himself a sort of figure of hope, a champion at last raised up for the oppressed poor. And how has he done it? By simple truthfulness of speech. He has not spoken of thieves as if they were honest men. To him crime has been crime, even when committed by a politician, and the Ten Commandments have not budged even for the sake of a rich corruptionist. He has thrust his Ithuriel's spear at sinister figures among his own supporters when occasion called for it. His very rashness, his hasty blows, have made friends for him; people still like a man who "ain't afeared." And the result has been that, far and wide, all through the country as well as in this city and State, Mr. Jerome has come to be regarded as the man who has done most to lift the campaign out of the insincerity of ordinary political contests, with the managers smirking compliments at each other, and very likely striking hands in the dark, and to place it just where it should be—on the level of plain morals. Surely his moral fervor, his intrepidity, his fighting the thing through and faltering not, will remain an inspiring memory and example to young men in New York long after the close of his great controversy.

These are some of the manifestations which confirm the hopeful view for the future of non-partisan administration of city affairs indulged in by Mr. Shepard in the article on the "Political Inaugura-

tion of the Greater New York" which he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1898. In that interesting and philosophical study of conditions and tendencies in the metropolis the late Tammany candidate for Mayor pointed out certain things which must work for the coming of the day when "we shall no longer fear Tammany victories." Having shown how the heterogeneous elements of our population and its shifting character had made New York resemble a mining camp, he asserted that "the conditions for good politics have at last begun to mend," and he sustained the contention by arguments which time has only strengthened. For one thing, he urged that the population is steadily becoming more homogeneous, through the relatively smaller proportion of foreign immigrants and the Americanization of the children and grandchildren of earlier immigrants; that the American politics of the Irish voters are less dependent upon the wrongs of their native land than formerly; and that a settled neighborhood feeling has begun to develop in many districts. The increasing jealousy of interference in our city government from Albany seemed to Mr. Shepard, four years ago, to be rendering such interference more difficult, and the growth of the home-rule idea in the interval has been even more rapid than he apparently anticipated. Finally, there was this fundamental consideration, that "public sentiment, irregular, imperfect, sometimes unreasonable, as it is and always will be, grows steadier and more intelligent."

It is upon this increasing steadiness and intelligence of public sentiment that the non-partisan principle of municipal government is building, and our present situation fully justifies the sanguine view which Mr. Shepard took directly after its defeat in the election of 1897. That election had proved, in his opinion, "the most signal demonstration ever known in the history of the metropolis of the growth of rational voting." But every candid observer of the recent campaign finds evidence of still further growth in the rational manner of considering municipal contests. For example, Mr. Shepard declared four years ago that "machine politics in the United States has not received a more serious blow than the treatment accorded the Platt candidate for Mayor, although he was a man of the highest character, of distinguished ability, and of long and valuable service—but for his alliance, worthy of the Mayoralty." It is a still more serious blow, however, which machine politics has received this year, when a man of precisely the same type, who was nominated by Croker, has won to his support only a few Democrats of standing and influence outside Tammany Hall, as against the large number of Republicans of the same class who were ready to support Tracy in 1897.

It is interesting also to note how fully Mr. Shepard's prevision regarding the representative of non-partisanship in the contest of 1897 has been justified by the canvass of 1901. Having asserted that there had never been a more creditable campaign than that of the Citizens' Union then, and that it "rendered a lasting service to American politics," he went on:

"Ordinarily, the defeated head of a ticket has lost his 'availability'; but to-day Seth Low, it is agreeable to see, occupies a more enviable position than he has ever held, or than is held by any other American now active in politics. He has the deserved good fortune to stand before the country for a cause which, to the average American, is largely embodied in his person. What was believed before his nomination was confirmed at the election; he was plainly the strongest candidate who could have been chosen to represent his cause. He polled 40,000 votes more than his ticket; that is to say, there were that number of citizens to whom the cause meant Seth Low, and no one else, or who were willing to leave the tickets of their respective machines only on the Mayoralty, that they might cast their votes for him. He has come out of the campaign far stronger than he entered it."

This year we not only have had the same candidate for Mayor as four years ago, with his added personal strength, but we have had the Republican organization supporting him upon the same non-partisan platform upon which he stood in 1897, and more than one Democratic organization equally earnest for his election upon his pledges that his administration, in case of his election, would recognize no obligation to any political body. Meanwhile, only an insignificant proportion of intelligent men appeared blinded by the appeal to partisanship which was ingeniously made by the able advocate whom Croker picked out as the Tammany candidate for Mayor. In all this there is great warrant for hopefulness on the part of good citizens.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT AND THE STATE TROOPS.

In view of the many rumors as to the recommendations which Secretary Root will make in his forthcoming report in regard to the State troops, an official announcement of his attitude is eagerly awaited by all concerned. It has been stated, for instance, that the War Department will bend all its energies to the creation of a body of State troops which shall stand between the regular army and the present militia organizations as a new national reserve, capable of taking the field in support of the Federal troops whenever the necessity arises. Some have believed that Mr. Root will confine himself to recommending practical methods of bringing the existing State and Federal troops into closer relations, by means of joint manœuvres at Forts Leavenworth and Riley, or at some other army posts, and in still other ways. Finally, it is reported that the Secretary may recommend the creation of a paper force of reserves,

which shall consist of men who have been honorably discharged from the regular army, and of officers who have proved their fitness for commissions in a volunteer army by passing suitable examination boards.

It is altogether likely that the latter surmises will prove to be the correct ones. The events of the last few years have clearly proved, we believe, that the mass of the American people no more desire a large standing army now than at other critical periods in the history of the country. So we believe they would not favor the creation of a new body of so-called State troops to be really under the control of the National Government. The establishment of such a force would not only be contrary to the spirit of our American institutions, but would seriously conflict with State rights and prerogatives. Moreover, every sensible National Guard soldier knows to-day that the building up of a new National reserve would practically be a death-blow to the present State organization. It is difficult enough now to keep the militia in any one State recruited to its maximum strength. Should they have to compete with a new force drawing from the same recruiting fields, and profiting both by the prestige of Federal assistance and by the promise of immediate employment in the event of war, the task of maintaining the existing State regiments would be impossible.

With these facts before him, it is altogether likely that the Secretary of War will not attempt to found a new branch of the military service, but will primarily confine himself to strengthening the ties between the two bodies which have, by virtue of tradition and an existence of over a hundred years, become a permanent part of the body politic. Even superficial study of the question would convince Mr. Root that the various States need their State military police for the suppression of riots and disorder. An attempt to bring these armed forces under Federal control not only would be regarded as an infringement of State rights, but would deprive the individual commonwealths of the services of many men quite capable of doing duty within the boundaries of a State, but unfitted, because of minor physical defects and social ties, to serve the United States in the furthestmost corners of the republic or beyond the seas.

Mr. Root has already publicly stated his desire to bring about joint manœuvres of the State and National troops at convenient military reservations, and there are various other ways in which he can use his influence to improve the militia, either directly or indirectly, and generally at slight expense. He may be able to induce Congress to repeal the existing and long obsolete militia law which requires that every militia officer shall have a "spontoon and a hang-

er," and every private his powder-horn, and to pass one which shall have some reference to existing conditions. He may induce Congress to arm the National Guard with the rifle now used by the United States troops, and to increase the annual appropriation for the State troops. He can detail regular officers to the militia, as has been done in the past, and can insist upon their accomplishing something—which has by no means been the rule hitherto. He can throw open the post lyceums and the post-graduate service schools at Forts Monroe, Riley, and Leavenworth to ambitious militia officers, and even let them study at the War Colleges if properly prepared.

This is but a partial list of the things that a broad-minded Secretary of War might accomplish by giving some thought and attention to the matter, and by working through the heads of the State troops. The war with Spain revealed the amateurishness of the militia so strikingly that State officials are more ready than ever before to cooperate with the Federal authorities, provided that the latter's advances are plainly in the direction of assistance, and not actuated by a desire to control or absorb. In an increasing number of States trained soldiers will be found at the head of military affairs, just as in New York State Major-Gen. Roe is in control. Almost everywhere will be found a desire to approach the regular army standards. In Montana, for instance, the passing of a physical test similar to that of the regular army is now a prerequisite to enlistment.

As to the creation of a paper reserve, this is altogether a matter for the War Department, and particularly for the new War College and the "general staff" to be evolved therefrom. It will require little legislation and but slight expense beyond an annual fee to be paid to privates for reporting once a year to some officer. The work of keeping track of discharged soldiers will require little more than a card-catalogue system and the labor of a few clerks. The list of officers might comprise the following: (1) Those who have resigned from the service for honorable reasons; (2) those who showed capacity and received training with the volunteers during the war with Spain or in the Philippines; (3) men in civil life or in the militia who have proved their fitness for the various grades in the line or the staff before a board of regular officers. In the event of war the men on such a list could be commissioned at once and before the "sons of fathers" and of Senators could use their "pulls" to obtain places. The making of such a list is part of the preparation for war which is properly the duty of the War Department. The absence of such a list in 1898 was one of the indictments for negligence which lay against the Alger régime.

ART EDUCATION THROUGH THE LIBRARIES.

Recent significant attempts to train the larger public in the appreciation of art have brought out certain principles which any such work must observe. First, it has become apparent that training in art appreciation is best undertaken by institutions which are already frequented by the people. The exhibitions of the societies and of dealers reach a very limited class and one already of considerable training. Free lectures and museum talks—excellent, both, in their way—reach only those whose interest or curiosity has been already aroused. Painting and sculpture in public buildings may and should be most efficacious in creating a civic taste for art, but the difficulty is that, to avoid deplorable error and to secure decoration of a high order, all concerned must already have some instinct for the beautiful and the fitting.

That this preliminary training should have very generally fallen to the great public libraries and to the more popular industrial schools was but natural, for these institutions reach first of all practically every class of the people, and, being usually owned by the people, do not arouse the suspicion which falls upon professedly philanthropic enterprises. It is because of the wise use of such an initial advantage that the art departments of the Public Library, the Cooper Union, the Brooklyn Institute, of this city; the Boston Public Library, that of Worcester, Mass., and the Congressional Library at Washington—to mention only typical instances—are doing a most valuable work, which is capable of wider development.

The method used in all cases is practically the same. A carefully chosen collection of photographic and other reproductions of great works of art is assembled under the care of a responsible curator. In a small room, readily accessible to the casual visitor, exhibitions are presented from time to time through the entire year. Some libraries, like the Congressional and our own Public Library, are fortunate enough to be able to show originals from their valuable collections of prints and engravings. Exhibitions like that of Japanese color printing, recently held at the Lenox Library, or that now on, of Rembrandt's etchings, are of the highest educative value; but in the main the art curator must depend upon photographs. The perfection of modern photography makes it possible to represent sculpture, architecture, and certain kinds of painting admirably, and all forms of art adequately. The most effective use of such a collection, however, will tax the curator's tact and ingenuity, and here due regard must be had to local conditions.

In the city of Worcester there has been for years a society which studies art

systematically. The art curator of the Public Library very properly follows the course of this society's studies in making up the exhibitions. In Boston, similarly, the curator takes advantage of literary anniversaries or current discussion in order to give his exhibitions a certain timeliness; and so the conditions vary in different places. It should be said, however, that in the exhibitions of the year several of the great schools of art, ancient and modern, should always find a place, while for obvious reasons American art should claim one or more exhibitions. The selection of the best pictures would be difficult enough, but the selection of the best pictures to show to a general public, without "showing down" to an untrained taste, requires a finer discrimination. No one who has not undertaken this task can imagine its difficulties. For this reason, and to avoid needless repetition of labor, it is desirable that certain standard exhibits, like the Venetian or the Florentine, the Dutch, German, or Spanish schools, should be substantially framed and exhibited from year to year. This method also opens a further field of usefulness, for such exhibits may be circulated, like the "travelling libraries" which our State Librarian has so successfully introduced. This plan of circulating exhibitions was, we believe, first tried in Chicago, and more recently has proved successful in Massachusetts. It is obvious that, by the coöperation of a group of libraries in the exchange of exhibitions, the cost of the art department would be greatly reduced to each.

It will be seen also that this function of popular education does not interfere with the proper ongoing of a reference library of art. In the Boston Public Library the two needs are harmoniously adjusted. An inner room shows students poring over dusty volumes, and rummaging in portfolios of reproductions which are of great importance to the specialist, but of absolutely no consequence to the average art lover. Outside in the little gallery there is a passing crowd which, as it enjoys the exhibition of great works especially chosen for its needs, is learning the lesson of seemliness and beauty which our rough-and-ready civilization must, sooner or later, heed.

There could be no better field for private liberality than the supplying of art departments to the smaller libraries of the land. The expense would be very moderate, and in fact the only thing really difficult to attain is the skill to make such a department effective. And yet there are few cities in which the services of a person of taste and discrimination could not be secured for small pay, or, often, for the mere "joy of the doing." Particularly we hope that, when the New York Public Library is formally installed in its new building, its print-room will be in a position to offer to the student of art all of the material which his

most recondite study could require, and to all its frequenters an introduction to that finer vision of this world of ours which is art.

AZOREAN ECONOMICS AND THE PEASANTRY.

To the passengers on one of the great German or Italian steamers bound from New York to Naples, the sight of the Azores (or Western Islands, as the British sailors still prefer to call them) offers a delightful prospect in favorable weather. Bold rocky shores, falling steep to the blue water, run up into the mountains behind by stages of exquisite verdure; villages of white houses, with brown or red roofs, trail out at picturesque lengths over the windings of a coast-road, or cluster thick under the protection of a hill; while the vast acreage of elaborate cultivation seems to indicate a distribution of comfort, even of prosperity. That this impression does not always vanish on nearer inspection is shown in the pages of many a traveller's book on the Azores, and in the columns of more than one "special correspondent."

There are excellent reasons why the majority of visitors should persist in this rose-colored view of the conditions of life on the islands. During a stay of a few weeks in a tolerably clean town, with an occasional fitting to the lovely Furnas valley, in St. Michael's, or the *Caldeira* of Fayal, it is hardly possible to find time for even glancing at the life of those whose toll is in large measure the source of so much beauty. Besides this, it is obvious that those who, without working themselves, subsist on this labor, will show no great eagerness to reveal the true state of affairs to an outsider—particularly if suspected of the remotest connection with the press. As for foreign residents, official or private, their comfort—nay, their very existence—in the islands depends on discretion, from which they never depart. The extreme compression of social life into so small an insular area renders frankness impossible. But beyond this, and the added difficulty of communicating directly with peasants who speak and understand nothing but a debased mother tongue, there exists a singular obstacle which I have never met elsewhere—the apparently absolute indifference of the intelligent Portuguese islander to the projects, the ideas, or the views of his foreign interlocutor. The collecting of simple facts is attended, for this reason, with much loss of time and frequent failure. Statistics are almost out of the question. The Portuguese Government publishes no official returns of general commercial interest or agricultural importance; and the attempts to discover the "statistical clerk" result in showing that his invariable elusiveness comes from his also occupying a situation in private life. In the eight hundred or more pages of the *Bibliotheca Açoriana*, an undigested bibliographical compilation, of which the contents are not classified but alphabetically catalogued, the bewildered inquirer seeks in vain for works bearing on vital economic questions. The following impressions are therefore subject to reserve and correction.

It is hardly necessary to insist that in regard to climate and soil the Azores have been exceptionally favored. As on the slopes of Vesuvius or Etna, so here the

erosion of volcanic hills covers the small plains and valleys with a deposit of extreme fertility, which, with the combined forces of warmth and moisture, produces a wonderful variety and luxuriance of vegetation. Flower and vegetable gardens in the neighborhood of the larger towns are the just pride of their owners. When one penetrates into the interior of the country, a glance from a commanding hill-top proves that the first impressions from the ship's deck were rightly founded; a vast stretch of various harvests is spread out before one in a superb setting of sea, sky, and mountains; midway, on the uplands of the latter, are scattered sheep and cattle in abundance, pasturing the year round on the rich and never-failing supply. And yet the peasantry are miserably, abjectly poor.

Before attempting to explain the chief existing causes of this condition, it is desirable to note the elimination of factors of some importance in times past. To begin with, religious orders no longer exist here, any more than in the Continental domains of the kingdom of Portugal; but the table of contents of any of the older ecclesiastical histories will reveal the enormous extent of estates once held in mortmain. Thus: Chap. i., Foundation of the village of "Holy Grace"; chap. ii., Foundation of the Church of the Trinity; chap. iii., Foundation of the house of the *cwra*; chap. iv., Foundation of the Monastery of the Order of the Blessed Rood; chap. v., Foundation of the Convent of the Sisters of Santa Engracia; chap. vi., Foundation of the Chapel of S. Pedro of Alcantara; and so on through a dozen chapters—all these establishments, too, in less than fifty years, for a single small village. The above is no exaggeration; the island coasts are at many points fairly studded with the ruins of what were once flourishing religious houses, in which (to judge from the remains) the inhabitants must have sought to vie with their Continental brethren or sisters, as described by "Vathek" Beckford in his account of Alcobaca and Batalha. Of immediate remaining signs of this occupation, perhaps the only one is the almost obsequious fashion in which the peasant of the less-visited districts greets the passing stranger; in all countries under strict clerical rule this social survival is noticeable. It was so in French Canada till within a very few years. Let it be understood, however, that clerical influence is still socially and politically strong. One example will suffice: on the arrival of the royal party at Ponta-Delgada, during the recent visit of their Portuguese Majesties to the islands, the bishop of the diocese, with the whole chapter, suddenly issued from the Church of the Matriz (where it had been arranged that they should remain) and planted themselves in two lines, directly in front of the ladies of the town, who were waiting to strew the way with flowers. After a brief excited colloquy, the clerical gown triumphed over the secular; but the incident called for no serious comment from the local press on the unwisdom of disappointing the Church's staunchest supporters.

Since the separation of the internal civil administration of the Azores from that of the kingdom of Portugal, it cannot be said that local conditions have been seriously affected by Continental affairs, for the financial connection is on a tolerably stable

footing, and leads to a contribution, mostly indirect, of the islands to the general revenue amounting to about a million dollars a year—a more than creditable showing for a population of much less than three hundred thousand souls, most of them peasants. Consequently, whatever burdens the poorer classes have to bear must be traced to their real origin within the islands themselves.

Prima inter pares, illiteracy. So far as I could ascertain, the ratio of totally illiterate adults in the islands is even higher than in Portugal itself, where it is commonly given as between eighty and eighty-five in a hundred. Definite signs of this appear everywhere. The school-house, so conspicuous in the village of New England, is a rare feature in the Azorean hamlet. Then, too, it is the exception to see the peasant reading even a newspaper, at his cottage door after his day's work is done; though one must admit that the typical *feuille de chou* issued in the nearest town could supply him with neither facts nor ideas of supreme importance. But the absence of the schoolmaster is no matter for astonishment in a country which considers its *lycée* professor adequately paid with seventy-five francs a month (in depreciated island money), a sum which may, in bad years, sink to little more than sixty francs. After getting visible proof of this, one has no difficulty in crediting the story that in a remote inland hamlet a rural schoolmaster was, not long ago appointed at a salary of thirty-five francs a year—even at that rate an expensive investment, for the occupant of the post was already fully employed as the servant of a wealthy proprietor, and was intellectually akin to his prospective pupils in being able neither to read nor to write.

It is precisely this widespread ignorance that renders constitutional government a farce in such countries as this; the only means of information open to the peasant being through the local political agent, who is chosen and directed by the chief owners of property in the district. Ignorance, fostered in former times for the purpose of retaining ecclesiastical supremacy, is equally welcome to-day for the least acceptable of political reasons. How is it possible, under such conditions, that members of the local Juntas should be truly representative of their constituencies? This also helps to explain sweeping legislative acts in favor of the holders of power; such a one, for instance, as the extremely light character of direct land taxation, so that a productive estate of more than twenty-two hundred acres of farm and rich pasture-land may pay directly nothing more than some twenty-five dollars annually to the island revenue. Or again, the travelling stranger who seeks to enter one of the islands with his faithful dog to bear him company may discover the existence of a six-months' quarantine regulation, which, as an illustration of particularism, can hardly be paralleled, for it was passed in the interest of one resident dog who was to be protected from the chances of rabies. Dangerous dogs are nevertheless by no means a scarcity in the islands, as the adventurous solitary pedestrian soon discovers to his cost.

The arbitrary nature of the exaction of customs duties in southern Latin countries is so proverbial that it seems super-

fluous to dwell on the question here. The Azores are in this respect subject to the general customs laws of the kingdom of Portugal; and although the passing traveller meets with nothing but civility and good sense from the officials, it often fares differently with the resident importing for his own use. In one case, a young employee was taxed for an incoming bicycle, not on the cost at the centre of production as shown in the bill of lading, but on the retail price in the town where the machine was to be used; that is, an obvious inclusion of both duty and local dealer's profit. A rigid metal bar for gymnastic purposes was similarly estimated at twice its original shop value. I make no mention of the *fraccaseries* which form the inevitable running accompaniment of such transactions. It is, therefore, no ground for wonder that the Azorean peasant (actuated, too, by the incurable spirit of conservative ignorance) still continues to shun modern farming implements, and to do all his work on the soil with the peculiar Azorean hoe, which serves him for plough, spade, rake, and harrow; his versatile skill with this clumsy tool it is simply fascinating to watch—for the Azorean peasant, in the small, humble sphere of his toil, is as deft as he is laborious, and for the most part cheerful in spite of all. Although the distribution of dwellings along the sea-coast compels him to walk weary miles to his work, he has generally a pleasant word for the stranger, and may be seen early and late in friendly chat with his fellows. What a useful, peaceable immigrant he may be is shown in several colonies in our own country, as well as in Bermuda, where his competing power, born of labor and thrift, is not altogether relished by the less practically minded negro. A noteworthy proof of his saving disposition lies in the fact that in the island of Fayal, which has for generations been in close touch with the United States, American gold is not only highly prized, but procurable with no very great difficulty, because of the pocketful of eagles and double eagles which the home-returning emigrant likes to deposit in the local banks as the solid mark of his possessions. Yet, with this fondness for gain, general honesty is said to be so secure that the banking agent of a small village or town may safely leave his office-door unlocked on going out to his midday meal, though uncounted money is lying on his desk; indeed, the key on the outside of the door is the sign that the owner is away.

The patience and laboriousness of these people are all the more remarkable that they are, almost without exception, underfed. In such a climate meat is, perhaps, not a necessity; but the average diet of the peasants—fish, corn-bread, cabbage, potatoes—is admittedly insufficient in kind and amount for the work that they have to do. It is an easy matter to dispose of this point by saying, with many of the well-to-do islanders, that the peasantry are a contented lot; so much the better for their social superiors. To any one who has visited their cottages and seen the food they eat, it is obvious that for a strong man's day's work the vast majority cannot afford the strong man's food; this, too, in the midst of plenty. Starved-looking faces and stunted growth are unmistakable in their significance. Exceptions may, of course, be found, as, for example, in the island of Pico, which has long been renowned for the robustness of

its peasant type, notwithstanding the disaster that fell upon the place several years ago in the blighting of its once famous vineyards. The corresponding damage done to the St. Michael's orange trade, through disease of the trees and outside competition in foreign markets, has been in some measure remedied by the establishment of corn-spirit distilleries and the cultivation of the pineapple; but it is in this fertile island that peasant pauperism is most glaring. Nor is it surprising that the peasants should suffer, when one learns that in several districts the primitive system still subsists of paying the farm laborer according to the state of the labor market and not according to a fixed rate of wages for the whole year. This wage may therefore fall as low as a *serilha* per day—less than twenty cents—in bad times. However cheap provisions may be (and they are not strikingly so in the islands), to describe this as a living wage—*c'est se moquer du pauvre monde*. Servants in private families can obtain as much as \$3 a month in good places. In a large tobacco factory, girls rolling 3,000 cigarettes a day can actually rise to a little below twenty-five cents; the chief bookkeeper (also a woman) gets a trifle more; the care of the driving engine, intrusted to a woman describable as a skilled worker, procures her the magnificent return of a little less than forty cents. Nearly 600 women (unmarried girls or widows only) are employed in the place. In view of the amount of smoking throughout the country, the balance-sheet of this establishment must be a financial curiosity. And yet, strange to say, none of the cigarette-makers here follow the habits of their Sevillian fellow-toilers; the tobacco factory of Ponta-Deigada has not yet developed a Carmen.

Now, given the conditions above outlined, to what social quarter shall we look for the fundamental causes that chiefly contribute to produce this state of affairs? Surely, no one will doubt that most of the responsibility rests here upon what the French call *les classes dirigeantes*. Substitute individuals for classes, and the problem is solved—for the land in the Azores is, in a large majority of cases, the property of great owners, who exploit it through the labor not of tenant-farmers, but of people little removed from a condition of serfdom. The analogue of the peasant-proprietor, the New England farmer or the yeoman, can hardly be said to exist in any of the islands. Naturally, it often happens that the occupant of one of the myriad lava-built thatched cottages has succeeded, by dint of industry and saving, in buying a little patch on which to grow a small harvest of vegetables for his own use; but he cannot live on it. Exception being made in favor of the island of Fayal, where something resembling the condition of small independent proprietorship may here and there be found, the most casual observation of economic distribution demonstrates the impossibility for the average peasant of ever attaining to a position from which he can in some measure command his own existence. His ambition, like that of the equally thrifty Italian, is to possess as his own just enough of land to keep him decently alive; and it is for this reason that so many Portuguese seek in a foreign country the opportunities denied them at home. Stringent emigration laws have again and again been evaded. The severity

of these laws is often explained by reference to the necessity for conscription, which emigrants naturally seek to escape, seeing that the soldier's daily pay amounts to about eight cents, subject to deduction for the cost of the uniform, thus settled for in two years out of a total three in the service. At least as potent is the conviction that the returned emigrant, along with the abstract baggage of ideas picked up in a freer country, may bring with him savings sufficient to purchase acreage for himself and his family. On the same principle the land in the neighborhood of large towns, where it can best be applied to market gardening, is kept up by combination to an exorbitant price—from one hundred dollars an acre upward.

That the comparatively few persons who thus control the chief economic positions have ideas of their own concerning the administration of public funds and the principles of taxation, certain alleged facts would conclusively show. Shortly before my own visit to the Azores, the constables in one of the principal towns (so I was assured on trustworthy authority), having received no pay for three months, disbanded for more remunerative situations in the fields. Luckily, the inhabitants are law-abiding, for during some little time no legal arrests could have been effected. Again, there has for some years been much talk concerning the building of a new hotel designed to attract tourist traffic; the capital to be subscribed abroad. But, in the event of the erection, the islanders would expect to share in the profits by the simple imposition of a tax on the passenger lift, as well as on every one making use of it.

Reluctance to utilize the abundant capitalized resources seems to be a marked feature of commercial and economic life in the Azores. The large pineries are, it is true, almost exclusively in native hands and under home management; yet the greater profits of good sales on the London market chiefly revert to the enterprising foreigners who answer for the transshipment. Even this trade also has ceased to be payingly remunerative to the grower since the crowding in of numbers allured by the hope of a speedy return. There is certainly no lack of capital concentrated in a comparatively small number of large fortunes, to which the beautiful villas, gardens, and *quintas* bear abundant testimony. One is consequently driven to the conclusion that the surplus, instead of being directed to the furtherance of local enterprise or industry, must be housed in safe, conservative securities abroad. If there is no wealth, how shall one account for the unmistakable signs of it in town and country? If there is wealth, why, on the proposal to construct a local ten-mile railway, does there immediately follow a clamor for assistance from outside capital?

It thus appears that these "Islands of the Blessed," as they were lately described by an enthusiast, present a less Elysian impression to any one interested in the life of toil. The student who has been led to visit them through articles and prospectuses representing them as the home of a vast and interesting folklore, the repository "of countless treasures of art," may, when these pretty illusions have vanished like the purple-gray mists that hang about the island shores, nevertheless discover in the fortunes of a misgoverned but deserving people the hu-

man social conditions which render any existence worthy of serious examination.

P. T. L.

A CRETAN POMPEII.

SMITH COLLEGE, October 22, 1901.

Your readers were made aware last month that on the northern shore of the Isthmus of Hierapetra in Crete there has been discovered a Mycenaean town which, with its finds, will throw new light on many vexed questions of prehistoric civilization. This isthmus is the narrowest portion of Crete, and must always have served as a road of communication between the southern and northern seas. It was, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the Mycenaeans, who were a seafaring, trading people, had utilized the natural advantages of this region. And yet, with the exception of a few gems (a class of objects which have little value in marking a site because they are so easily carried from place to place), no Mycenaean finds had been made there; and Lucio Mariani, in his notes upon this district, confines himself to rather vague mention of two places, as possibly prehistoric.

In his quest of early seal-stones, Mr. Arthur Evans, in the summer of 1899, came upon a tomb of the Geometric period in the mountains that wall the isthmus to the east. Following up a clue given us by him, Miss Patten of Boston and I, in May and June, 1900, worked on the heights above Kavousi, excavating houses and tombs of Geometric times. The results of these excavations were reported to the Archaeological Institute of America, at its annual meeting in Philadelphia, December 22, 1900, and have been published in the last number of the *Journal of the Institute*. They excited some interest, as any light on this obscure epoch was welcome, but no one was tempted to pursue inquiries in this field; Cretan Geometric finds being held in light esteem in comparison with the relics of the island's greater days, when Minos ruled the sea and built the rich palace that is being uncovered by Mr. Evans at Knossos.

Early in May, Miss B. E. Wheeler of Concord and I took out Government permission to excavate for the American Exploration Society of Philadelphia in the neighborhood of Kavousi. Our hope for a successful campaign was based on a few fragments of Mycenaean pottery found in Kavousi plain during the first day's digging last year, before work on the hills had begun. In the immediate vicinity of the place where they were found, diligent search during two successive seasons has failed to reveal any other trace of prehistoric habitation. Nevertheless, these fragments led indirectly to our finding "the most perfect example yet discovered of a small Mycenaean town." This town lies on a hill called Gournia, within the deme of Kavousi, but four miles distant from the village of that name. The site crosses a much-travelled road that leads from Hierapetra to Sitia. Covered with stones and overgrown with wild carob trees, the low hill, although in form and in proximity to the sea an exact type of a Mycenaean acropolis, had escaped the notice of travelling archaeologists; and to the peasants of Basillike, a neighboring village, is due the honor of first observing traces of old walls

and fragments of ancient pottery. Trial pits were dug on May 20, and six weeks' work with a force of about one hundred laborers revealed a town which has been aptly called by visiting scholars a Mycenaean Pompeii.

From the sea a paved road leads to the foot of the hill, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and there divides into the east and west roads, which, climbing the slope, conduct the traveller to the palace of the Prince. Right and left open side streets and houses. The roads are about five feet wide, furnished with terracotta gutters, and well paved with stones, which are worn by the tread of generations that vanished from the earth three thousand years ago. In the steeper parts of the hill the roads form flights of steps, and one or two houses are provided with private stairways leading to them. The houses are built with rubble foundations and upper walls of brick; in the more important parts of the palace, ashlar masonry takes the place of rubble. Several of the houses have walls standing to a height of six or eight feet. Plaster is used extensively for the facing of walls and door jambs. There are many proofs of the existence of a second story, which, in certain cases determined by the formation of the hill, is entered from an upper road. Twelve houses have been excavated, the majority of which have eight rooms or more. Of the palace fourteen rooms, mostly magazines of the Knossos type, have been uncovered, as well as a terrace, court, and column base and aula evidently belonging to a portal. In the centre of the town, and approached by a road of its own, lies a shrine, not imposing as a piece of architecture, but of unique importance as being the first Mycenaean shrine discovered intact. It is a small quadrangular building, which, lying near the top of the hill, has suffered much from the forces of nature. A wild carob tree growing within its bounds had partly destroyed and partly saved its contents. Of these the most noteworthy are a low terracotta table with three legs, which possibly served as an altar; cultus vases with symbols of Mycenaean worship; the disc, "consecrated horns of the altar," and double-headed axe of Zeus; and a terracotta idol of the "glaukops Athene" type, with snakes as attribute.

The life of the people is revealed not only in the palace, shrine, and houses, but in the objects of pottery, stone, and bronze which the site has yielded. Of these may be mentioned: stone basins, perhaps used as tables of offering, and stone vases delicately carved; pottery, remarkable for the variety of design and of decoration, which includes all the well-known Mycenaean motives of sea plants and sea animals, together with many unfamiliar types; stone and bronze tools of every description, as well as bronze spear points, swords, daggers, knives, and ornaments. A bronze saw, 45 cm. long, has attracted much attention among scholars. On five vases we find painted the axe of Zeus *Δαδάρειος*—a confirmation, if such were needed, of Mr. Evans's opinion as to the sanctity of this symbol. The double axe is also carved on one of the blocks of the palace, as at Knossos and Phaistos. No trace of Mr. Evans's linear or pictographic script has been found at Gournia, but we have Mycenaean gems of exquisite workmanship, and ancient seal impressions in clay from beautiful originals

not yet discovered. The types represented are the octopus, water-fowl, lion, etc. From the absence of fortifications we infer that the people of Gournia were peaceful, and from abundant evidence that cannot be given here, we know them to have been engaged in fishing, trading, and other industries. The place appears to have been sacked and burned, possibly by the very mountaineers whose homes were investigated by us last year.

Such are the satisfactory results of this year's work. The importance of the excavations at Gournia has been already recognized by archaeologists of other lands, as will be seen by reference to Mr. D. G. Hogarth's article in the *London Times* of August 10. The work was made possible by the generosity of Mr. Calvin Wells of Pittsburgh and Mr. Charles H. Cramp of Philadelphia. There is abundant opportunity to learn more of Mycenaean provincial life by continuing the excavations at Gournia and at other promising points on the isthmus noted during this year's campaign.

HARRIET A. BOYD.

THE MARQUIS DE LA ROUËRIE.

PARIS, October 23, 1901.

M. Lenotre is an indefatigable worker who has already published many volumes, full of interest, on the period of the French Revolution. I would call attention to-day to his '*Marquis de la Rouërie et la Conjurat[i]on Bretonne*,' which has attained a second edition. The Marquis de la Rouërie was an agent of the Bourbons during the Revolution, and M. Lenotre reveals to us many inedited documents concerning him. As M. Lenotre justly says:

"No man was ever more devoted to a cause; his life was one of agitation and adventure; he knew the pride of authority and the fumes of popularity; he counted by thousands followers who remained faithful to him unto death; he treated with the Princes and fought for liberty. The circumstances even of his tragical end were of such a nature as to assure him the only recompense which he ever desired, celebrity; in dying, he probably thought that he had done enough to have his name, at least, known to posterity, . . . and his name remained unknown; his dream of glory was vain."

The Marquis de la Rouërie was the first organizer of the popular movement of the Chouans; he first understood what could be expected of the peasants of Brittany, among whom he lived; he was the soul of the resistance against the Revolution, against the Convention. Chateaubriand tells us that, in 1793, finding himself in London in the antechamber of one of the *émigrés* engaged in recruiting defenders for the Bourbons (adventurers coming from all countries), he noticed a man sitting on a bench. On asking who he was, he was told, "He is merely a peasant of La Vendée bringing a letter from his chief." Chateaubriand makes a fine comparison between this unknown peasant and the noisy royalists who were seen all day in Piccadilly.

Charles-Armand Tuffin de la Rouërie was born on the 13th of April, 1750. He entered the army at the age of seventeen, in the regiment of the Gardes Françaises, which was quartered in Paris. He lived there near his uncle M. de la Belinaye, who was the protector of a charming actress, Mlle. Beaumesnil, and he naturally fell in love with her.

He became under such influences a perfect *maurais sujet*; he had many adventures, fought a duel with the Count of Bourbon-Busset, nearly killed him, was obliged to flee to Geneva, and sent in his resignation. He took service again at the time of the American war, and arrived in America at the end of April, 1777, even before Lafayette had left France. We read in the valuable *Journal of M. de Chastellux* that he had occasion to dine at M. de la Luzerne's with Col. Armand (the name which La Rouërie had adopted), "the man celebrated in France for his passion for Mlle. Beaumesnil, and likewise in America for his courage and his capacity." M. Lenotre gives in his book certificates signed by Lafayette and by Gen. Washington, which prove that La Rouërie played a distinguished part in the War of Independence. On his return to France, he married; but his wife died and he remained alone in his château. The Revolution soon disturbed him in his solitude, and he took at once a very energetic part in the discussions of the States of Brittany, which preceded the assembling of the States-General.

Chateaubriand gives us the portrait of La Rouërie at that period:

"I met at Fougères the Marquis de la Rouërie, who had distinguished himself in the War of American Independence. A rival of Lafayette and of Lauzun, a forerunner of Larochejacquin, the Marquis had more *esprit* than they had; he had fought more than the first; he had, like the second, enjoyed the favor of actresses of the Opéra; he would have been the companion-in-arms of the third. He lived in the woods in Brittany with an American major. . . . The law students of Rennes liked him for his boldness and the freedom of his ideas; he was elegant in size and manners, brave, of a charming countenance, and he resembled the young seigneurs of the League."

When the Revolution broke out, the nobles of Brittany did not emigrate. They refused to send deputies to the States-General, and remained isolated. They wished to preserve intact the old privileges of Brittany. They were hostile to the idea of emigration, but they found themselves disposed to form in their provinces a sort of association. Their resistance was helped by the measures taken against the Church. The "Civil Constitution of the Clergy" was a spark in a cask of gunpowder. It was the great mistake of the Revolution, as it enlisted against its work the peasantry of Brittany; the religious sentiment, which was very deep in this province, was profoundly wounded. The people fought for years for their faith. The Marquis de la Rouërie went to Coblenz, which was the centre of the emigration, and obtained a commission which allowed him to organize in Brittany the forces of the Counter-Revolution. He did this with the greatest zeal and activity, nor had he any lack of lieutenants and auxiliaries; what he wanted most was money. He was soon at the head of a real army composed chiefly of peasants, with a general staff which comprised the best names of the Breton nobility. The Château De la Rouërie was not a safe place for the Marquis, and he concealed himself at the house of a friend for three months; he there made the acquaintance of a *faux saunier* (such was the name given to those who trafficked in salt secretly, salt being then a state monopoly), named Jean Cottereau, who became famous under the name of Jean Chouan, and gave the name

to the Chouannerie, though La Rouërie was its real father.

The rising in Brittany was to coincide with the movements of the army of the Princes. The famous manifesto of Brunswick (which was written by a Frenchman, Geoffroy de Limon) was the signal. La Rouërie was expecting it impatiently in his concealment. At that very moment, his projects were revealed to Danton by a man called Chévetel, in whom the Marquis had the greatest confidence. Chévetel told the details of the whole plan to Danton, who was Minister of Justice at the time, and whom he found with Camille Desmoulins and Fabre d'Églantine. Chévetel returned to Brittany, with instructions from Danton; he sought to persuade La Rouërie that Danton was preparing to betray the Revolutionary cause. La Rouërie was completely deceived by his friend, whom he would not suspect of treachery, and dispatched him on a mission to Saint Malo, to receive guns sent from England.

The imagination of the novelist, says M. Lenotre, could not imagine more hideous types than Chévetel and an accomplice of his, named Lalligand. They greatly resemble the types of the detectives whose actions are described in Balzac's famous novels, 'Les Chouans' and 'Une Ténébreuse Affaire.' I shall not follow these two agents of the Convention in all their intrigues. A date was chosen for the rising of Brittany, and M. Lenotre tells us with minute details all the incidents of the war between the Chouans and the troops of the Convention, a war which was a succession, not of pitched battles, but of local dramas. M. Lenotre has thus divided the second part of his book: "The Drama of La Guyomarais"; "La Fosse-Hingant"; "Lalligand-Morillon"; "Le Procès."

La Rouërie had to take refuge, in the month of December, in the castle of La Guyomarais, which belonged to a friend of his. He arrived with two companions. He had been going from place to place, sleeping sometimes in the woods; he was ill, had a high fever, and was put to bed. M. de la Guyomarais was advised that a search was to be made of his château; he transported La Rouërie to the house of one of his farmers. The Marquis died in it, on the night of the 29th of December, and was interred in the forest. He was only forty-two years old. In a search made by the agents of the Convention, the body was discovered, already in a state of complete decomposition; they had the infamy to cut off the head and throw it at the feet of Madame de la Guyomarais. All the inhabitants of the old castle were arrested and sent to prison. Soon afterwards the inhabitants of La Fosse-Hingant, friends of La Rouërie, were arrested in their turn. The double traitors Chévetel and Lalligand, had over them, in their infamous work, an agent of the Convention named Sicaud; for the Convention had the habit of shadowing its spies, to use a graphic modern expression.

The history of these proceedings is very painful, and possesses interest only in the minuteness of the details. Let us come at once to the end, to the trial of the persons who were arrested in Brittany and sent to Paris. To be tried, at that time, was to be condemned. M. and Madame de la Guyomarais and ten other persons were condemned to be guillotined; among these ten

were two ladies, Thérèse de Moëlien, who was a constant companion and, it was said, a mistress of La Rouërie, and a certain Madame de la Jonchacs, a young woman who had young children, and who had simply refused to give the name of a person who had sent, through her hands, a letter to La Rouërie. The execution took place on the Place de la Révolution, now the Place de la Concorde. The Bretons showed the greatest courage; they kissed each other before mounting the scaffold, one after the other. The execution lasted only thirteen minutes; the victims formed a large heap at the foot of the guillotine. It was the first time that so many people had been executed in one day; the people of Paris were not yet accustomed to the wholesale executions of the Terror.

Correspondence.

WHEN TRANSLATORS DISAGREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does the Russian language present such hard problems to the translator that it is impossible to render the writings of a Russian into English without destroying the author's style, and without making the most patent blunders? Or is it true that our translators differ from the Germans, the French, or others in the matter of thoroughness and fidelity?

The much-heralded 'Foma Gordyeff' (Gordeyev) of the abundantly advertised Russian Gorky has now appeared in two translations. A few passages taken at random will illustrate the difficulties of the reader.

MISS HAPGOOD.
My heart is high as
a blade of grass (p.
218).

Carouse away, without regard to anything. . . . But if you mix your heart up with it—the porridge gets spilled and the bowl is smashed on the floor (p. 285).

The itching curiosity of Eve will be your undoing (p. 293).

. . . shouted Foma, bursting into a hearty laugh (p. 326).

. . . something is said about tears (p. 344).

No, I cannot endure it any longer. You are the first I ever had (p. 411).

His collar covered his teeth (p. 439).

Neither in fire nor in boiling mire shall you be roasted (p. 436).

Rendered helpless by the disgrace of his conquest (p. 437).

Not being able to read Russian, I am unable to say which version is correct, and to decide I shall probably have to refer to the French or German translation.

EUGENE LIMEDORFER.

NEW YORK, October 28, 1901.

Notes.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will shortly have ready 'Memoirs of William Byrd, 1674-1744,' edited by John Spencer Bassett, and 'The True Story of Captain John Smith,' by Katharine Pearson Woods.

Fresh announcements from Macmillan Co. are 'Early Christian Art and Archaeology,' by Walter Lowrie, D.D.; 'What Is Shakspeare? An Introduction to the Great Plays,' by Prof. L. A. Sherman; and 'The Care of Destitute, Neglected, and Delinquent Children,' by Homer Folks.

'Mahomet and Mahometanism,' by P. De Lacy Johnstone, and 'Origen and Greek Patristic Theology,' by the Rev. W. Fairweather, will be among Messrs. Scribner's additions to their "World's Epoch-Makers" series.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have nearly ready 'Chronicles of the House of Borgia,' by Frederic Baron Corvo, and Comenius's 'The Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart,' translated by Count Lützw.

Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, will revive the "Gift Book" of our fathers in 'The Christmas Garland: A Miscellany of Verses, Stories, and Essays,' by many well-known writers of the hour. They will also issue 'Aubrey Beardsley's Drawings to Illustrate the Works of Edgar Poe,' in a limited edition; 'The Book of One Hundred Houses'; 'Animals,' by Wallace Rice, with colored illustrations; and 'Ruskin's Principles of Art Criticism,' by Ida M. Street.

In addition to his illustrations for 'Alice in Wonderland,' Mr. Peter Newell has rendered a like service to John Kendrick Bangs's 'Mr. Munchausen' and Carolyn Wells's 'Mother Goose's Menagerie.' These two books are to be brought out by Noyes, Platt & Co., Boston.

Lee & Shepard will publish the 'American Boys' Life of William McKinley,' by Edward Stratemeyer.

The first volume in the "Oxford History of Music" is to be 'The Polyphonic Period, Part I: Method of Musical Art, 330-1330,' by Prof. H. E. Wooldridge. Five others will complete the series, and bear the imprint of the Clarendon Press (H. Frowde).

The unfathered twenty-volume edition of Shakspeare's works published in London by Archibald Constable & Co., in Philadelphia by Lippincott, may be quickly characterized. The shape is what we should call a small quarto; the volumes light to the hand, bound in a ribbed crimson cloth; the type generous for all eyes; the lines numbered; the title-page and the scattered illustrations in color, not remarkable as designs. The apparatus consists solely in a brief statistical introduction, giving the dates of composition and of publication of each play, and the number of acts, scenes, and lines; a few notes of variant readings, and a glossary. Oddly enough, in the first volume, which opens with the "Comedy of Errors," a general index to Shakspeare's characters is intercalated between the play and its proper glossary. Volume 20 is given up to the poetry, and here we detect slips which cast a doubt on the proof-reading of the series. Thus, in Sonnet 116: "Love is not love Which alters when its alteration finds"; and disregard of the niceties of punctuation is hardly less serious in No. 29: "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," (a comma being indispensable after *when* if one is inserted after *eyes*), and in No. 33: "with all triumphant splendor" for all-triumphant.

'Chatterton: A Biography' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is Professor Masson's well-known and highly esteemed essay, revised, somewhat enlarged, and published in a volume by itself. Every lover of letters will be glad to have

the paper in this form, and readers who now make their acquaintance with it for the first time will not be likely to lay the book down till they have finished it. It is a strange story, and loses none of its strangeness as one recurs to it. The preposterous discussion of the authenticity of the Rowley poems is dead and buried—the present generation can scarcely believe that it ever was alive; but the problem of Chatterton himself is as baffling as ever. Yet Dr. Masson makes him very real, refusing to scrutinize him as a mere curiosity, or to subordinate the human interest of his life and character to the impulse to dissect and investigate. It is this which gives its chief value to the essay—the charitable and sympathetic spirit of the writer, combined with his knowledge of the times and his talent for illustrating a subject from his stores of collateral information. In literary criticism the book is not so strong, but, after all, it is “the marvellous boy” that interests us nowadays, not the “tragical entrelude or discoorseynge tragedie” of “Ælla” or “The Balade of Charltie, as wroten bie the gode prieste Thomas Rowleie.” No one reads Chatterton, but everybody is glad to read about him; and who has written so well of him as Professor Masson?

Prof. E. G. Bourne's ‘Essays in Historical Criticism’ (Scribners) is one of the bicentennial publications issued by Yale. Were it not that these papers have already been printed as articles or delivered as addresses, they would deserve much longer notice than we are now able to give them. Almost all have appeared in the *American Historical Review* or in the *Transactions of the American Historical Association*, and are thus known to a wide range of readers. “The Legend of Marcus Whitman,” which fills more than a third of the volume, has recently caused a good deal of discussion, and is in several respects the most important of the thirteen essays. Prof. Bourne gives an entertaining account of the legend in its mature form, and then makes a skillful analysis of the evidence. His conclusion, which is amply warranted by the facts, removes Marcus Whitman from the pantheon of national benefactors and leaves him only an honorable place among missionaries. Other notable studies deal with the *Federalist*, Prince Henry the Navigator, the Demarcation Line of Pope Alexander VI., and the Proposed Absorption of Mexico in 1847-48. There are also short estimates of Ranke, Parkman, and Froude. In all respects this volume justifies the exacting claims of its title, for among the chief instruments of criticism are learning and logic. Professor Bourne here shows himself to be a thorough scholar and a subtle dialectician.

Few persons of middle and later life have not regretted the negligence of their failing to secure from parents and grandparents family traditions and tales of every-day life recalling generations that are past. Such records, however simple, become of greater value to the historian and antiquary with each passing year. Every small scrap of information gleaned from town documents, every half-obliterated epitaph and date from decaying gravestones, especially recollections of some “oldest inhabitant,” may, perhaps, afford just the color and old-time flavor which the historian needs to make his story a living picture. All such collections in permanent form of facts that might

otherwise be irretrievably lost are well worth attempting. In ‘Early Days in the Connecticut Valley’ Mrs. Walker (Amherst, Mass.) has gathered from many sources such scattering facts, and put them together in a most interesting narrative, told in a style unusually picturesque. All the Puritan settlers were farmers, and so vividly does she bring out their daily life that, on laying down the little book, it requires an effort to shut out the seventeenth century and return to the twentieth. Her ‘Story of a New England Country Church’ is another word-picture of the early struggles of the Puritans in their new settlement; of their grim determination to erect a meeting-house, pay a minister, have schools for their children, and worship God as conscience dictated, even if the church had no fire and its temperature was at zero. A daughter of Professor Genung has meritoriously decorated the covers of these books.

Mr. W. I. Lincoln Adams's new illustrated out-door volume, ‘Woodland and Meadow’ (Baker & Taylor Co.), is a rhapsody on the delights of farming in New England—more particularly, in New Hampshire. The sugar camp, the hay-field, the corn harvesting, various hours of the day, views abroad riding or walking, are some of the themes of a text which pleasingly reflects the author's refined and gentle spirit. The photographic plates to which he writes are almost as numerous as the pages, and are mostly of a high quality; some of them of Mr. Adams's own making. The book is well suited as a gift to New Englanders, to whom it will call up scenes endeared by association, or to foreigners who want to know what New England is like.

“Hamlet” with *Hamlet* omitted is our feeling on examining Messrs. Harper's edition of ‘Alice in Wonderland,’ with an introduction by E. S. Martin and illustrations by Peter Newell. Alice is not there—not merely the high-bred Alice of Tenniel's pencil, but she who exhales from the whole story. She is transformed more lucklessly than by the small cake, “beautifully marked in currants,” that made her “open out like the largest telescope that ever was.” She becomes one of Mr. Newell's simple little country maidens frightened by the “wild” flowers or shaking the polka-dots out of her dress. From her would come no such manners or wit as Lewis Carroll charged her with. This is a great pity, for the defect vitiates designs in which the other *dramatis personæ* are well conceived and cleverly and humorously delineated, like the caucus race (least of all here), Alice and the caterpillar, the March hare dipping the watch in his tea, etc. Mr. Newell could not avoid sometimes competing directly with Tenniel, or ever being judged by Tenniel's standards, like the latter-day illustrators of Dickens in comparison with Phiz and Cruikshank. His humor is truest in his animals, and if Tenniel had not gone before, adult critics would freely commend the new illustrations to the rising generation. The book is in other respects beautifully made, the text being bordered with pale-tinted grotesque animal borders, and the cover a vellum-like white paper, very effective. Lewis Carroll's portrait fits his own verse—“And faintly strove that weary one To put the subject by.”

A fairly readable, if somewhat crude, collection of tales will be found in ‘Lady Lee,

and Other Animal Stories’ (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), by the late Hermon Lee Ensign. It is evident that the author was a keen lover of animals, and that his writing was actuated by a desire to help them to a greater immunity from abuse than they enjoy at present. Certainly the marvellous returns which his dumb heroes give for a small amount of human kindness emphasize his moral, but it seems a pity that, in the process, he should have deemed it necessary to bring such a large percentage of excellent creatures to an untimely end. A number of indifferent illustrations accompany the stories.

‘A Widow and her Friends’ is the sixth book of drawings by Charles Dana Gibson, published by R. H. Russell. It shows all, or more than all, of Mr. Gibson's accustomed ability as a draughtsman, with, as it seems to us, some falling off in humor and ingenuity of idea.

‘Plant and Floral Studies,’ by W. G. Paulson Townsend (John Lane), contains a number of cleanly executed outline drawings of various plants and flowers, intended for the use of designers, art students, and craftsmen, together with a minimum of text. There is no attempt at conventionalization or at suggestions for design; the drawings being rather intended to supply the place of such preliminary studies from nature as every designer is supposed to make for himself, but may not, in a given case or at a given time, have leisure or facilities for. The plates are intelligently executed for their purpose, and the book should prove serviceable.

The second volume of the series entitled ‘Handbooks of Practical Gardening,’ edited by Harry Roberts (John Lane), is called the ‘Book of the Greenhouse,’ and is from the pen of J. C. Tallack, the head gardener at Shipley Hall. In a thin volume of about a hundred pages, the author discusses concisely the construction of the greenhouse and the care and treatment of the most important plants to put into it. Several chapters are devoted to the most valuable kinds of hardwood plants, climbers, bulb-bearers, and foliage plants. Among other valuable chapters is one giving advice to those wishing to have a “little town greenhouse.”

The latest number of the Cambridge Natural Science Manuals, in the Biological Series, is ‘Zoölogy: An Elementary Text-book,’ by A. E. Shipley and E. W. MacBride (Macmillan). The authors have attempted to prepare a treatise which should readily be understood by students having no previous knowledge of the subject. The work in the main deals with the normal structure of the adult forms of recent animals, beginning with the Protozoa and working up to the Vertebrates. This structure is exhibited as the outcome of function and habit, with the end of impressing the student with the feeling that zoölogy deals with living and developing animals rather than their mere dead or fossil remains. Everywhere the editors strive to make it clear that the ultimate end of the science is the discovery of the laws binding together and systematizing the facts. As the work appears in both an American and a British edition, and is the product of a British and a Canadian author, illustrations are drawn in the main from the British and North American faunas. The authors expressly disclaim having constructed their work with an eye to its serv-

ing as a vehicle of cram for the subjects of the examination boards so numerous in the mother country. The work is well illustrated, conservative, and clearly written, representing fairly the present state of British opinion on zoölogy, based on the "Cælom theory." Whether any system of classification is logical or natural which puts on an equal level such groups as the Polyzoa and Vertebrata, with the result of having at last four wandering phyla for which no appropriate niche can be suggested, is another story. For this our authors are not responsible. They are simply following the procession, and, for a current manual for schools, no more can be expected or, indeed, justified. The book, while devoid of any special originality, will doubtless serve a useful purpose in the manner intended.

'With Bobs and Kruger,' by Frederick William Unger (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.), is a gossip record of the shifts and devices, the privations and hardships, to which the purveyor of war information for the readers of daily newspapers is driven ere he can supply the requisite moving tales of danger and daring. Mr. Unger was a disappointed gold-seeker returning from Alaska when the idea of being a war correspondent in South Africa sent him across the sea to land at Cape Town with a capital of seven dollars and a photographic camera. By a mixture of persuasion and impudence he received permission from the press censor to join the London *Times* staff as a subordinate. Thereafter the way was clear to rise to independent responsibility as a correspondent of London and New York papers, and to obtain the privileges of witnessing battles upon the front line and interviewing and photographing leaders upon both sides which are the recognized prerogatives of members of the "fourth estate." The activities of Mr. Unger's camera are shown in numerous photographs of notable men upon both sides, and interesting episodes of the battle line, although the smallness of the pictures often gives unsatisfactory definition of faces and scenery.

The compiler, Mary E. Southworth, of '101 Sandwiches' (San Francisco: D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard), might have made it 1001 as easily as she has accomplished the smaller odd number. Within this conservative limit she gives us fish, egg, salad, meat, sweet, nut, and cheese sandwiches combined of varied ingredients. Of the merits of this little paper-covered brochure—it is worthy of a more durable binding—we can speak in unqualified praise. The amateur has presented to him in a condensed form and in lucidly expressed terms a series of delightful preparations suitable for luncheons or *à-fresco* entertainments. There is not a single one of the recipes which does not meet the requirements of either one or both of these functions.

The surveys of the nineteenth century made by the Dutch, apart from newspaper enterprises more or less ambitious, take form in two works that are well worth the scholar's attention. Dr. F. J. L. Kramer, professor in Utrecht University, sends forth a series of learned monographs in a 'Historisch Gedenkboek (De Negentiende Eeuw),' an octavo of over four hundred pages (Amsterdam: J. Funke). He writes, as a keen and critical historian, of Napoleon, the Holy Alliance, Liberalism, the Second Empire, the

Armed Peace, Colonial Politics; touching luminously almost every episode and phase of European history, not only on the Continent, but in distant "spheres of influence." He gathers up the threads in a chapter, "The Close of the Century," glancing at events down to the rescue of the legations in Pekin. Besides a full index, there is a table of princely houses in Europe. The other book, 'De Negentiende Eeuw in Woord en Beeld' (The Nineteenth Century in Word and Picture), in three large volumes, much more expensive, popular in east and contents, is by Prof. H. C. Rogge and W. W. van der Meulen of Leyden. Each volume, a superbly illustrated square octavo of half a thousand pages, not only deals with the various countries historically, but treats of the literature, art, invention, industry, music, religion, and general progress of the world. Naturally the authors give most attention to Europe, but devote a generous space to the United States and America. On Netherlandish art and literature, the work is unusually full (Leyden: A. W. Sijthoff).

The scientific results of the Antarctic voyage of the *Belgica*, as given by Mr. H. Arctowski in the *Geographical Journal* for October, are the discovery that the glacial conditions in the southern hemisphere have been greater than they are now, important observations in regard to the south polar ice-cap, and facts suggesting that the Antarctic region is an area of depression, and that the Andes are continued in Graham Land. In describing their winter life of imprisonment in the ship, the writer says that, owing to the "detestable climate," storms, fog, and snowdrift, rendering excursions impossible, "the disastrous effects of the polar night are far more marked than in the north. There is a general lowering of the system, and the heart acts feebly." Another difference between the two regions is that there is no summer thaw in the Antarctic, and it was necessary to saw a channel through the pack, explosives having proved useless. Among the other contents of the *Journal* are the address of Dr. H. R. Mill before the British Association, in which, referring to the small geographic value of the Census Report from the failure to use the cartographic method, he says: "It is a striking contrast to turn to the splendid volumes of the United States Census Reports, . . . thickly illustrated with maps, showing at a glance the distribution of every condition which is dealt with, and enabling one to follow decade by decade the progressive development of the country, and to study for each census the relations between the various conditions." The suggestive paper read on the same occasion by Mr. G. G. Chisholm shows how geographical conditions affect trade. It was practically a protest against the prevalent pessimistic belief that the threatened loss of British supremacy in trade is due to the diminished efficiency of workmen and the want of initiative and enterprise on the part of employers. On the contrary, it is largely owing to improved land communications in Europe and on this continent.

The principal contents of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number nine, relate to the geology of Hayti and the variations of the level of the Aral Sea. During 1871-80 the Sea's area was diminished 133 square miles, but in the succeeding eighteen years the

waters rose ten feet. Whether this change is periodic is not yet determined, but observations of rainfall and temperature for the past sixty-two years at Barnaul in the Altai highlands make a cycle of fifty-five years not improbable. The schedules of the course of instruction in geography in the German universities and high schools for the coming winter term show the high esteem in which this branch of education, especially in commercial and colonial geography, is held in that country.

The new "General Catalogue" of the Chicago Art Institute shows a growth in the range as well as in the number of its acquisitions in the twenty-two years of its existence, of which its trustees and friends may well be proud. What the Institute needs now, as do the other rapidly growing museums of the country, is a corps of trained specialists as heads of departments, who can speak with authority concerning the collections under their charge, and thus make their institutions educational in the highest sense. Boston has made a beginning in this direction, but it has not yet gone as far as it should. We have already expressed the hope that, with its present unrivalled opportunity, the Metropolitan Museum of this city may follow this example; and that Chicago has need of the same kind of assistance is made evident by an occasional statement in the present catalogue.

—The *Atlantic* for November contains the final instalment of Henry Austin Clapp's "Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic." In it is a good account of Salvini's acting. Mr. Clapp's conclusion is an appeal for a privately-endowed theatre, a *théâtre libre* in the sense of being "absolutely divorced from slavery to its patrons and the box-office." The endowment would furnish a fund to insure the management against the necessity of making it pay by lowering its standard, and would correspond to the subventions given to the stage in European countries by the Government. It would not be a "kindergarten" for infants who "still suck their sustenance from a 'vaudeville' bottle," but a high-school or university of acting, "dedicated to the higher culture" of that great "humanity," the histrionic art. For such a house would be engaged the best managers and actors, and on its stage would be produced the best plays of all time. The theatre once open, let the public come or not, as it pleases; let the experiment be tried for three years. This is a modest demand, and we should like to see it met, but, obviously, the Mæcenæ who is to do it must first be found. He must certainly be a multi-millionaire, but he must also be a multi-millionaire who in these degenerate days likes good plays and good acting. He must also understand how to select his manager, who must in turn be filled with the same ambition and guided by the same tastes. If such a philanthropist and such a manager can be found, then the promoters of the suggested theatre will have reason to rejoice. Most existing managers, of course, much prefer the existing system, and most existing multi-millionaires care little for the elevation of the stage. The root of the difficulty is in the decline of the public taste, for nothing is more apparent in the pages of Mr. Clapp's reminiscences than that, not so very long ago, we had a better stage than we have now,

and that without the aid of any other than ordinary profit-seeking management. The leading article, called "Europe and America," is by Sydney Brooks, who says that he writes as an Englishman who has learned to know and like America, but has no "conscious tendency toward Jingoism." His account of the way in which Europe regards America, or rather the United States, is not encouraging. "They look upon Americans, to adopt a happy simile which I wish I could claim as my own, much as a New York mugwump looks upon a Tammany alderman." This, considering the uniform willingness of the wretched snobs to have their sons marry Americans, is probably overdrawn. One of the queer things that Mr. Brooks brings out is that a widespread belief exists in Europe that the Monroe Doctrine is what is ailing it. We, by means of the Doctrine, prevent the southern half of the hemisphere from being partitioned among the European Powers, who would like to add in this way to their "exclusive" trade. The paper is not as deep as some of Mr. Brooks Adams's popular essays on kindred subjects, but gives a nice, light sketch of some current delusions, as reflected in an evidently sympathetic mind.

—*Scribner's* opens with an article by Nelson Lloyd called "Among the Dunkers," a theme which, though far from novel, contrives to be interesting. *Dunker* is dipper, and between the Mennonite and Dunker there is a serious difference as to the rite of baptism. "To the latter three-fold immersion is all important, while to the former it is sufficient to kneel in the stream and receive the water on the head from the hand of the elder, though in many congregations simple affusion is enough." Otherwise, they are almost in accord. Both strive painfully to follow the letter of the Scripture, to keep apart from the world, and to be simple in living. Both practise feet-washing, both are opposed to infant baptism, to the bearing of arms, and to litigation, except as a last resort; both are found in Pennsylvania, where the unusual principles of humanity and non-resistance early found a foothold, these sects are evidently a survival from the times when the Bible constituted pretty much the only literature of the humbler classes. An odd and, to the rest of us, objectionable custom is that of not changing plates at table. To insist upon a clean plate is regarded as an indication of pride. Gen. F. V. Greene's third paper on the army, filled with illustrations by Frederic Remington, R. F. Zogbaum, F. C. Yohn, and others, brings the subject down to the present time. Few people, we venture to think, have any but a vague idea of the actual size of the army. Gen. Greene puts it at 77,000, or three times what it was down to 1898. It is augmentable, however (at the option of the President), to 100,000 men. How much of a danger to liberty is it? Military men say none at all, for, by the rule of three, if an army of 25,000 is not a danger to the liberty of 30,000,000, an army of 77,000 can hardly be feared by a community of, say, 90,000,000, as it will shortly be. If this reasoning is correct, a population of 150,000,000 need not fear 125,000 men of all arms. The question is whether this is a safe method of reasoning. Gen. Greene declares that the army is now "better adapted to our

needs than it has been at any previous period of our history." His papers are curious and interesting as illustrating the expansion of our military system *pari passu* with the growth of the central Federal power. But we have not reached the great-standing-army stage yet, and may never do so.

—*Harper's* leading article, on "Strolling Mountebanks," is by André Castaigne, one of the most popular of magazine draughtsmen. The article serves to remind the reader how little of the old *plein-air*, gypsy, wandering mountebank life survives in America. The man with the bear, the ground and lofty tumbler, Punch and Judy, the man who swallows swords, and the man who eats fire, the juggler, the clown, are all found now in "Midway Pleasaunces," or Coney Islands, or variety theatres, or fairs; but they are no longer independent artists. They all have managers, perhaps are employed by mountebank Trusts; at any rate, they are no longer at large, individual and ubiquitous as they once were. Concentration and economy in production is the gospel of our generation, and it applies to mountebanks as it does to Steel. "Confessions of a Caricaturist," by Harry Furniss (illustrated from sketches by the author), contains an anecdote exemplifying Disraeli's extraordinary powers of memory, for the accuracy of which, unfortunately, Mr. Furniss is unable to vouch, as he cannot remember who his informant was, nor, among all his friends, find "any one who actually witnessed the incident." This makes it either a good anecdote, or at the worst a good joke at the expense of the reader; it is, in its own nature, of a somewhat incredible order. "The Bottom of the Sea," by Charles Cleveland Nutting, Professor of Zoölogy in the University of Iowa, is an interesting scientific account of regions which are to a greater degree beyond the bounds of our ordinary experience than those near the pole. It seems that the high coloring of the creatures brought up from extreme marine depths argues the existence of a great deal of light at the bottom of the sea. This can be furnished only by phosphorescence, either animal or vegetable, and we infer that in all probability considerable submarine areas are carpeted by phosphorescent vegetable growth (gorgonians, sea-pens, hydroids, etc.). Most curious of all, animals develop phosphorescent appliances—one species of fish being provided with a dorsal fishing-pole, at the end of which, over its mouth, is suspended a luminous bait, by means of which its prey is attracted.

—Eliot Gregory's "Our Foolish Virgins," in the *Century*, is a satirico-descriptive article on the American girl of the period. It is not as well done as Mr. Gregory's best, but contains some good observation. He analyzes the feminine "golf champion" with malicious enjoyment, and gives an account of the doings of one at a country-house at which they happened to be at the same time. She arrives (Mr. Gregory fails to note an interesting point, that she is frequently billeted by the committee on some family to whom she is a perfect stranger) accompanied by her English trainer, or masseuse, and, incidentally, by her mamma, who enjoys the doubtful honor of being pointed out to everybody as "the mother of the champion." During the next few days

she is douched, rubbed, and curried like a prize-fighter, snap-shotted by "representatives of the press," and kept up to her work by libations of strong "tea," to be brought home at the end of the match, collapsed, but victorious. A nice beginning, says Mr. Gregory, for womanhood—a queer way of fitting girls for their after career. And who is to blame? Certainly not the poor champion, who knows nothing of what is in store for her as the probable consequences of her excesses, and has been taught nothing by those who do know. The criminals in the case are the parents, the foolish mamma who allows it all to help the girl on in "society," and the lax papa who leaves it all to mamma. There is to be a "Year of American Humor" in the *Century*. This is appropriately ushered in by "A Retrospect of American Humor," by Prof. W. P. Trent, richly illustrated by portraits. Mr. Trent's paper must have been difficult to write, for he marches in review before us a long line of worthies, from Benjamin Franklin to "Bill Nye," who have nothing in common except that they have all written something provocative of mirth. We have heard much in praise of humor, and are apt to forget that it is a very broad term, and that, for purposes of criticism, we need some classification. To call Charles Lamb and "A. Ward" and Lowell all humorists does not, as Professor Trent perceives, add much to our knowledge of them. He advances a theory of humor somewhat akin to Taine's theory of literature—that as new incongruities in life and society make their appearance new phases of humor are evolved. But, after all, this is little more than saying that the stuff of which humor is made consists of these very incongruities, which was known before.

—"Owen Glyndwr," by Mr. A. G. Bradley (Putnams), has claims to attention which few volumes in the "Heroes of the Nations" series can pretend to share. Julius Caesar, Nelson, Napoleon, and Lincoln have furnished an excuse for so much writing that a new book about any of them is just one more title in a vast list. With Owen Glyndwr the case is different, for few readers would profess to know much about him, while the little they think they know is mostly wrong. Shakspeare's treatment of him in *Henry IV.* is a bad perversion, and though Mr. Wylle has published an exhaustive history of that period, his work circulates only among historical scholars. Furthermore, the subject agrees well with the standard size of volume in this series. The materials for a biography of Glyndwr are, relatively speaking, slight, and Mr. Bradley has been able not only to gather up, but to record, the chief facts which can be called authentic. Even after taking all the space that he requires for the delineation of his hero, he has a good many pages left, and these he uses judiciously in giving the life of Glyndwr its proper historical setting. Beyond doubt, the national hero of the Welsh to the present day is their leader in the last struggle, rather than Llewelyn and Dafydd, the chieftains who fought against Edward I. Mr. Bradley associates Glyndwr with the final war of independence, but, besides doing so, he manages to supply a connected sketch of Welsh history until the fifteenth century, and he also comments upon the state of the principality since that date. Altogether the book is a valuable survey

of Welsh history, so arranged as to centre around its chief incident and its chief character. After fact and legend have both been pressed to the utmost, Glyndwr continues to remain a somewhat dim personage, yet the nature of his position as a leader can be clearly made out. Mr. Bradley has written an excellent and most serviceable volume, which is rendered even better worth having by its numerous and attractive illustrations.

—A little over a century ago, Russia and Great Britain combined together, though uninvited, to deliver the Dutch from their French masters, and in September, 1799, 10,000 English and 13,000 Russian troops landed at the Helder in North Holland. Losing their way in dune and marsh, and being separated, they were separately defeated by the French—the Russians at Bergen, with horrible slaughter, and the English at Castricum. Unmarked by any evidence of appreciation, the bones of the Russian soldiers lay forgotten in the soil, until recently, by the persistent activity of Lieut.-Col. De Muller (member of one of many Dutch-Russian families founded in the seventeenth century, and military attaché to the embassy of Russia at The Hague and in Brussels), the Russian Government resolved to mark the place of the slain. Most of the officers and many of the rank and file were buried in the churchyard of the village, but "the Russian Kerkhof," part of the Van Reenen estate, was the place of chief burial. At the visit of De Muller on the centennial of the battle, the family of the burgomaster Van Reenen presented to the Russian Government a plot of about 1,200 square yards, and on Monday, the 30th of September, 1901, in the presence of French, Russian, Dutch, and British officers, civil and military, with escort of a Dutch regiment and military band, a monument was dedicated with religious ceremonies by the head of the national Russian synod, the highest dignitary of the Greek Catholic Church. The inscribed monument consists of a truncated pyramidal monolith of grayish-red Swedish granite, set upon a pedestal. From the top of the monolith rises a lofty cross of white marble, fashioned in the style of the Greek Church; the whole standing within an enclosure which, with heavy bronze chains and four upright stones, resembles the ordinary grave lot. This enclosure is but a few feet away from the trenches in which most of the slain were placed. On the face of the monolith in Russian characters is an inscription which reads: "In everlasting remembrance of the Russian soldiers who fell in the battle of Bergen on the 8th (19th) of September, 1799," and on the reverse, "Erected in the year 1901." Various Russian regiments that still maintain their historic organization had sent wreaths in remembrance of their former comrades, three of those specially noted being from the regiments of King Frederick III., of Tobolsk, and of the Cossack Guards, etc. With palms, flowers, evergreens, and ribbons inscribed with gold, the grassy part of the mound was covered.

—Wilhelm Beck, who died at his home (Ørslev parsonage), near Copenhagen, on September 30, was undoubtedly the most remarkable personality of his time in the Danish Lutheran Church. The word personality is used advisedly in connection with Beck, for he was not a great theologian, like Mynster and Martensen. It is as a preach-

er and a leader of men that Beck stands out from among his contemporaries. Indeed, his theological reasoning is said by others than his opponents to be far from convincing, and he made no single notable contribution to the golden science. But as a pulpit orator, in the truest sense of that much-abused phrase, he has, perhaps, never had a superior in Denmark, the home of pulpit oratory. His personal influence outside of the pulpit is shown by his identification with "The Union for Inner Missions in Denmark," the most important movement in Danish religious life since the time of Grundtvig. In some of its aspects the Inner Mission, as it is popularly called, may be regarded as a revival of the pietism of the eighteenth century, a sort of Danish wave of Puritanism, in protest against what was regarded as the indifference and materialism of the state church, with which latter, however, it retains its connection. In his insistence upon the necessity of conversion Beck suggests Wesley. In spite of his severe views, Beck was a man of an unusually sanguine temperament. He has been accused of lack of tact and an indifference to the feelings of others, but of his deep sincerity and devotion to what he regarded as the vital interests of Danish religious life there can be no doubt. The life story of Wilhelm Beck is quickly told. He was born December 30, 1829, in the parsonage of Ørslev, where he died. In 1853 he completed his theological studies, and two years later became his father's assistant. During the ten years spent in this position his religious views underwent the change that resulted in the establishment, in 1861, of the Inner Mission, to which his chief energies were henceforth devoted. In 1874 he was appointed to his father's old charge, in which he spent the rest of his life. A few months before his death Beck published his 'Reminiscences.'

BOOKS ON PAINTING.

The Study and Criticism of Italian Art.

By Bernhard Berenson. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1901.
Francesco Raibolini, Called Francia. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1901.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti: An Illustrated Memorial of his Art and Life. By H. C. Marillier. Second edition, abridged and revised. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1901.

Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.: A Study and a Biography. By A. L. Baldry. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1901.

Chefs d'Oeuvre of the Exposition Universelle. Parts 8 to 15. By Walton, Saglio and Champier. Philadelphia: George Barrie & Son.

There are two men in Mr. Berenson: the ingenious promulgator of certain broad views of art based upon psychology, the inventor of "tactile values" and "space-composition"; and the modern connoisseur, the follower of Morelli, the readjuster of attributions. In the present republication of scattered papers from various periodicals it is principally the Morellian that is to the fore, but Mr. Berenson wears his Morellism with a difference, and, in his interesting preface, the critic of broader views peeps

out and shows a refreshing skepticism as to the intrinsic value of attribution-monogering. The special mark of Mr. Berenson's Morellism, in which, apparently, he differs less from Morelli himself than from his present-day followers, is in his insisting on the importance of that feeling for artistic quality upon which artists are wont to rely almost altogether in their judgments, and in the absence of which mere connoisseurship seems to them of no worth whatever.

"Quantitative analysis," says Mr. Berenson, "such as, if you are foolish enough to take him at his word, Morelli seemed to advocate as all-sufficing, is within the capacity of any serious student armed with patience and good habits of observation; but the sense of quality must first exist as God's gift, whereupon, to become effective, it should be submitted to many years of arduous training. Only the person thus gifted and trained may approach the inner shrine of the Muses, and not be overtaken by a fate worse than of Midas."

This is an admirable criticism of much modern writing on art. But even when the sense of quality is added to the analysis of quantity, when an "impeccable connoisseurship" has been as nearly as possible realized, it remains to ask what is the real value of the result. One may doubt whether it will ever be possible to write the history of art "as independently of all documents" as one might that of "the world's fauna or the world's flora"; but if one could? Mr. Berenson has no illusions as to the importance of the matter. The skeptical view could hardly be stated more strongly than he states it himself. He speaks of "the sterile prosings of the so-called connoisseurs," and says: "I see now how fruitless an interest is the history of art, and how worthless an undertaking is that of determining who painted, or carved, or built whatsoever it be." It may be added that the undertaking is the more worthless in that the works of art about which there is any doubt are nearly always either the inferior works of great men, or the works of inferior artists about whom no one need care much; and that, after it is once stated that a given picture is, say, either a poor Titian or an imitation of Titian by a bad painter, it need matter little to any one which it is. The real reason of Mr. Berenson's continued interest in connoisseurship we take it, is to be found in his incidental statement: "Method interests me more than results; the functioning of the mind much more than the ephemeral object of functioning." It is because he finds the work itself fascinating that we have these essays at proving "who painted what."

Do they really prove it? Important or unimportant as the matter of attributions may be, does modern criticism really settle that matter? Even if one were foolish enough to claim for himself anything like Mr. Berenson's knowledge of Italian art, it would be impossible to form an independent opinion upon his attributions without opportunity for careful study of the pictures in question; but one may notice how constantly the modern connoisseurs contradict each other, and how rapidly Mr. Berenson contradicts himself. He has a fashion, perhaps from impatience of the repetition of phrases like "I think" or "in my opinion," of giving to his statements the air of positiveness and finality that he probably would not seriously claim for

them. He says: "Another so-called Titian . . . is by Girolamo Santacroce," "Four are by . . . Polidoro Lanzani," etc., etc. Yet the apparently settled conclusions of 1895 are all unsettled in 1901, and we have conflicts between text and note like these:

(Text): "Before we can properly know Giambono, we must be able to differentiate him from his contemporaries, . . . from Jacopo Bellini in such a picture as the 'St. Crisogono' . . . (sometimes attributed to Giambono)."

(Note): "I feel confident now that this is by Giambono."

(Text): "The part Squarcione himself played . . . was probably no greater than that played by M. Julian in the Parisian ateliers of to-day."

(Note): "Squarcione himself now seems to me to have been a painter of some merit, . . . a man who, in a way, was a real master."

It is a stupid man that never changes his mind, but he who has changed his mind once may do so again, and we are therefore justified in thinking all these confident attributions of third-rate works of art to this or that third-rate artist still as problematical as they are confessedly unimportant.

Perhaps the most wonderful feat of the new criticism—certainly one of the most remarkable attempts at the study of art-history "Independently of all documents"—is Mr. Berenson's creation, out of odds and ends of the school of Filippo Lippi, of a brand-new artist with a brand-new name. There exist a number of pictures in various galleries that have been attributed to Filippo himself, to Botticelli, to Filippino, and even to Ghirlandajo. This last attribution may be set aside at once, and it may be admitted that the pictures in question are second-rate works, which have some affinity to Botticelli and issue from the same school. Mr. Berenson has convinced himself that they are all by the same hand, has established a chronology for them, has evolved his artist complete with a history and a gradual change of style, and has baptized him Amico di Sandro—the Friend of Botticelli. In this case we are enabled, as far as reproductions of the pictures can enable us, to examine the evidence, and we do not find it convincing. It seems to us far from certain that the pictures are by one hand, and we see no reason for the chronological order so confidently given. We agree that the pictures are most of them inferior productions, imitative rather than original, and that it is well to take them from the masters to whom they have been falsely attributed heretofore. Why not call them "school pieces" and be done with it? They *may* have been painted by one hand, and Amico di Sandro might be as good a name as another for that problematical painter; the speculation is amusing and would be harmless were it not for the way in which guesses rapidly get themselves treated as certainties, so that we expect Amico di Sandro to turn up in some forthcoming art history as an undoubted person supplied with a biography.

Dr. Williamson, the general editor of the "Great Masters" series, shows his predilections in art by the selection for his own treatment, after Luini and Perugino, of Francesco Francia, another smooth and workmanlike painter of over-sweet sentiment and without great original force. The book gives about all the information con-

cerning the Bolognese artist that one need ask for, but is not without instances of confusion of thought and of statement to which Dr. Williamson seems to be somewhat subject. They do not, perhaps, invalidate the general soundness of the book, but they induce a feeling of caution in accepting its conclusions, and it may not be out of place to give a few instances at greater length than their intrinsic importance would justify.

On p. 28 there is an argument against the validity of the tradition that Francia was a pupil of Marco Zoppo, one of the points of which is that Francia began painting late in life, no picture of his bearing a date earlier than 1494 (he was born in 1450), while the latest dated work of Zoppo is of 1497. Again, on p. 33, the mature style of this earliest dated picture by Francia is commented on, and is endeavored to be accounted for by the statement that "his niello-work had prepared him so well for the use of the brush that he sprang fully equipped on to the field of action upon which he was to gain so great a victory." Both of these passages are entirely disposed of by Dr. Williamson's citation on p. 126 of an entry in "the original records of the Guilds" in which, in 1486, Francia is referred to as "Francesco Marco de Raibolino . . . detto il Pittore il Franza." This entry proves, conclusively, that eight years before the picture of 1494 Francia not merely was painting, but was a well-known painter; yet Dr. Williamson has apparently no notion of its bearing.

In describing Francia's medals of Julius II. on p. 7, it is stated that "the silver one" bears "an effigy of the Pontiff wearing a biretta and cope," while another is "almost exactly like it, save that it has the figure II on the obverse instead of the word SECUNDUS." The first of these medals is not illustrated, but the second is, and upon it the Pope is bareheaded. Has Dr. Williamson blundered in his description of the first medal, or in his statement that the two are "almost exactly" alike? There are several other descriptions of works of art that seem to be contradicted by the illustrations, and two that are clearly so. One of the "two holy women" of the Turin "Deposition" (p. 114) is surely St. John, and there is no vase in the hand of St. Paul in the Scappi Altar-piece, though the text describes it (p. 56) as "closely resembling one yet to be seen in the sacristy of St. Petronius in Bologna." Finally, what are we to think of the reasoning (p. 122) that a given figure cannot represent St. Albert the Carmelite because "there is no sign of the dragon under his feet"—when the figure is seen only to the waist?

It would be difficult to conceive of any greater contrast in life or in art than that between the heroes of the two handsome illustrated volumes next on our list: the one a painter who scarcely ever exhibited, who gradually became more and more of a recluse and surrounded himself with an impenetrable mystery, a member of no recognized artistic body, whose work was for years seen only by his personal friends and a few patrons; the other, one of the best-advertised men in Europe, who is constantly before the public in a hundred capacities, who was awarded a medal of honor at the Paris Exposition of 1878, when he was barely twenty-nine years old, and gold medals pretty much everywhere ever since, who is

covered with orders and decorations, and is a Royal Academician and member of seven or eight other British art societies, a "Foreign Associate of the Academy of Fine Arts in the Institute of France, a member of the Academy at Berlin, Professor of Fine Art at Munich, and an Honorary Member of the Antwerp Academy, the Belgian Society of Aquarellists, the Dutch Society of Aquarellists, the Swedish Academy, and the Vereinigung der Bildenden Künstler Oesterreichs at Vienna." Rossetti, in spite of a defective technical education and of affectations and mannerisms which grew upon him and gradually dominated his later work, was an artist to his finger-tips, and, at his best, an artist of a very rare and high quality—one of the dozen greatest artists of the nineteenth century; Professor Herkomer is little more than a clever illustrator, with a knack of pleasing his public. The result of the one book must be to increase the estimation among good judges of Rossetti as a painter; we do not see how the collection together of so much of Herkomer's work can result otherwise than in a lowering of his prestige. In the case of Rossetti one is surprised to find, after the elimination of feeble early work and mannered late work, how much real beauty of a high order he created in the middle period of his life. In the case of Herkomer one looks in vain, and with increasing amazement, for any beauty whatever, or for any evidence of an artistic motive of any sort in his production. A certain obvious sentiment one finds, and an approximate power of representation; but any artistic quality of a high order, whether in composition, color, line, light and shade, tone, or anything else, is to seek. Both books contain a sufficient amount of presumably accurate information, both are handsomely printed, and in both the pictures are well reproduced. The cover of the "Herkomer" is, to our taste, very ugly.

The last eight parts of the 'Chefs d'Oeuvre of the Exposition Universelle' deal with the art of Germany, Austria, the Eastern European Countries, Spain, Italy, etc., and of South America, with an even more depressing result than that of the earlier parts. Either the publishers have somehow—purposely or unavoidably—left out all the real art in the Exhibition, or there was very little there.

South Africa a Century Ago: Letters Written from the Cape of Good Hope (1797-1801) by the Lady Anne Barnard. Edited, with a memoir and brief notes, by W. H. Wilkins. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1901.

The war in South Africa has brought death and oblivion to countless human beings, but to one it has brought immortality. For had not the struggle aroused interest in South Africa, Lady Anne Barnard would perhaps never have become known to the world; by whom now, we do not hesitate to say, she will never be forgotten so long as letters are cherished. A century ago the British were in possession of the Cape of Good Hope, and Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, was Secretary of State for War in Pitt's first administration. For Lady Anne's sake he made her husband, Andrew Barnard, Secretary of the Colony. The appointment was absolutely unjustifiable on any sound theory of government. Barnard was not known to have any qualifications for the office, and Dundas appointed him

because he could not resist Lady Anne's appeals for an office of some kind. The nature of her claims on Dundas we do not care to scrutinize. She was deeply attached to him and he had been devoted to her. His first wife left him for another man; he obtained a divorce, and for several years was often a guest at the house of Lady Anne Lindsay, as she then was, and her sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce. Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Windham, and the Prince of Wales were also frequent visitors at this house; and there exists a letter from the Prince to Lady Anne, written after the death of her husband, which is kind enough to make us almost forget the delinquencies of the author.

Dundas, however, presently married Lady Jane Hope, and soon after Lady Anne accepted Mr. Barnard, who made her a good husband, and to whom she was a faithful wife. We have said that in theory his appointment could not be justified; practically, it was eminently successful. He discharged his duties satisfactorily, but his wife—Lady Macartney, the Governor's wife, remaining in England—became not only the first Lady but the most powerful influence in the colony. Had its government been committed to her, and her life been prolonged to the middle of the last century, there would have been no Great Trek, no hostile Boer republics, no Majuba Hill, no Jameson raid, no desolating war. The Dutch population would have been disarmed by gracious and intelligent regard for its welfare and even its prejudices. It would have been drawn with the cords of love, and charmed into submission and indeed into enthusiastic loyalty. It would have been unable and unwilling to resist the fascination of sentiment, such courteous consideration, such grace of manner, such keenness of wit, such knowledge of the world withal, as this woman displayed. She would deserve the epithet queenly, could queens be found who equalled her.

If this sounds extravagant to any one, let him read these letters. They were written a hundred years ago, but they are as fresh as anything called forth by the present war. Matthew Arnold, with the conceit of the age, praised Thucydides for his "modern" spirit. He wrote rationally, which Arnold assumed to be characteristic of our day. In this sense, Lady Anne's letters are thoroughly modern. Their style is very near the perfection of epistolary style. They were written for the eye of Dundas alone, and are absolutely unconstrained. In one sense, the style is not literary: there are no references to books or authors, and no literary allusions; on the other hand, these letters are literature, and deserve a permanent place among the classics. To read them is a liberal education; for they are not only sensible and generous in tone, but are also exquisite in the art with which a colonial society is portrayed. It is a great temptation to quote freely from them; but those who would appreciate the quotations should get the book for themselves. As we have maintained, the political lessons to be drawn from it are extremely impressive. It shows how an empire might be consolidated, if rulers would treat their subjects as human beings equal to themselves. But, long after the world has ceased to interest itself

in South African politics, it will keep a place in its heart for Lady Anne Barnard. He who maintains intimate relations with the authors of good books will say of her, wherever he is placed:

"Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce scribentem."

'Twist Sirdar and Menelik: An Account of a Year's Expedition from Zeila to Cairo through Unknown Abyssinia. By the late Capt. M. S. Wellby. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. 1901. Pp. xxv, 409, 8vo.

Capt. Wellby was a fine type of the men who have built up the British Empire. During his short life of thirty-four years, he conducted three exploring expeditions in East Africa and a notable one in Central Asia; served in the Tirah campaign in India, and was one of the defenders of Ladysmith, being killed in a reconnaissance soon after its relief. He possessed in a remarkable degree both the commoner qualities of courage and endurance, and the rarer power of winning the confidence and affection of the natives with whom he came in contact. This was partly a natural endowment, but mainly the result of his fair and sympathetic treatment of them. It was only by the exercise of infinite patience and great tact that he was able again and again to establish friendly relations with savages whom a bitter experience had taught to regard every stranger as an enemy.

As the title of his volume indicates, his exploring work was in the imperfectly known region lying between the Egyptian Sudan under the rule of the Sirdar and Menelik's dominions. To reach it, he crossed southern Abyssinia, and the narrative of this part of his journey is perhaps the most valuable, though dealing only with familiar scenes and people. The strong prejudices against the Abyssinians which he cherished at the start, soon gave place to a hearty appreciation of their bravery, honesty, and intelligence. Their faults are largely due to their sudden emergence from a condition of complete isolation armed with European weapons. To raid the border tribes having only bows and spears was naturally their first use of them; devastating war being the inevitable result of supplying the semi-civilized or savage races with guns and ammunition. The King impressed him as a man intent on promoting the welfare of his country. When the people were in dire distress from the rinderpest some years ago, he says that Menelik with his own hands tilled the soil and gave the fruits of his labors to the needy, "an example that encouraged others to do likewise. I was told that for three years he ate no beef, for, he argued, 'Why should I enjoy plenty while my people are in want?'" At their farewell interview, Capt. Wellby thanked the King for his permission to travel through his country, and asked him whether he could not make some return for all his kindness. "'No,' he replied, 'only let me have copies of the maps you make.'" The favorable impression made upon the monarch by the young explorer is shown by his graceful letter of acceptance of the dedication of this work, a facsimile of which is given.

After he leaves Abyssinia, Capt. Wellby's narrative is chiefly taken up with the in-

cidents of his march through the trackless wilderness, alternating forest, swamp, and parched desert, of the basin of the White Nile. His hardest work, however, was not in overcoming these natural obstacles, but in restraining his followers ("whose chief topic of thought and conversation was killing and raiding") from ill-treating the natives of the region, and in inducing these to act as guides and suppliers of food and water. It is a striking testimony to the power of the *Pax Britannica* that as soon as he entered the Sirdar's country, still 600 to 700 miles from Khartum, the natives came voluntarily into his camp, though belonging to a tribe which has "always been notorious for their intense shyness and anxiety to avoid all dealings with any Europeans who have come across them." With his arrival at Nasser on the Sobat, the southernmost Egyptian post, practically ended a journey which deserves to rank among the finest in African explorations, because it accomplished so much with so small a following. Unfortunately, Capt. Wellby's untimely death prevented his working up the scientific results of his expedition, and he gives little geographical or ethnological information relating to the region passed through. He refers to the vast extent of "magnificent land" in it, capable of supporting millions, but "given up to immense herds of antelope, elephants, rhino, and giraffes." With this big game he had numerous encounters, but few adventures—a true sportsman, killing only when food was needed. His most remarkable experience was among the Walamo, a tribe whom the Abyssinians believe "are capable of imparting a devil, or gin, into the bodies of strangers who come there, more especially if they are permitted to be present while the strangers partake of food." Two of his men had temporary attacks of insanity, and he himself, after purposely eating before the natives to dispel the fears of his followers, felt strangely unwell for the first and only time through the whole of his journey. The next year another traveler through this district ate before the natives without any ill results either to himself or his men. An interesting physical phenomenon was observed in the river Sobat, the passage of which was rendered extremely difficult by alligators and, especially, huge floating islands which "came sailing along, one after another, in quick succession."

Capt. Wellby is an unusually pleasant companion, writing easily and without any straining for effect. He makes a brief reference to a cut finger, for instance, but a friend tells us that for three months he was "in intense agony, holding a mortifying finger upright during the whole of the long and miserable march, concealing his pain, so that his followers should not lose heart." As a specimen of his style, we quote the description of the hair of a gigantic Turkana chief:

"It was as thick as a felt numnah [saddle-cloth], and hung in a thickly woven mass clean over the shoulders, right down to the waist, in the shape of an oval. As though not contented with this wonderful adornment of Nature, he had fastened a very thin stick, curled up like a tail, close in the end of the hair, and he always showed great care in its welfare and in seeing there was no chance of its coming to grief. The end of his hair was curled up, and in it he carried his little knickknacks."

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